Vol. CXXXI. No 1702.

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[THE BYSTANDER, JULY 29, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Brenners Park Hotel.—Fam. Hotel de Luxe facing river next Casino, Theatre, Sporting Grounds. Pens. fr. 14 M.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful pos. opp. Casino. Modernly renovated. 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM.4. Pen. fr. RM.10.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov. 1935, fcg. Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park, close Casino. Pension terms RM 11. up. Personal man. H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.—Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from RM.9.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM.9.

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Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.—Qut. htl. nr. Stn. & Cath. All mod. convs. Rms. fr. RM 4.-, with pr. b. from RM 8.-. Alf. Grieshaber, Mgr.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn.-Pk. Terrs. Reduced rates. Garage. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Dresden.—Hotel Schiller.—The latest, first-class Hotel. World-renowned, distinguished family-home. Near station.

Düsseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—L. ht. Wld. ren'd. Fav. home of intern. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 5.50. 50 bths. fr. 9.

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof—The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first-class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch Partenkirchen.—Hotels Gibson/Schönblick.—First class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*continued.*

GERMANY—*continued.*

Garmisch.—Bavarian Alps.—**Sonnenbichl.—Golf Hotel.**—facing the Zugspitze, first-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First-class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from 5 RM.

Heidelberg.—Hotel zum Ritter.—Historical place, famous for centuries, first class restaurant, every comfort. Manager: I. Küpfer.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Munich.—Hotel Excelsior.—Facing station. Renovated 1936. 270 beds. from RM. 4-6.50 Garage-Service, excellent restaurant.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Sand.—Kurhaus Sand, R.A.C. Hotel.—(2900 ft.) Black Forest nr. Baden-Baden, lake, sun bathing, fishing. Terms fr. Mks 6. Cat.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

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Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel. Own bathing estab. Patronised by English & American Soc. Pens. fr. Mks. 11.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four Seasons). Select home of Soc. Best pos. opp. Kurhaus, Opera and Parks. Pens. fr. RM.12.

Wiesbaden.—Htl. Nassauer Hof.—Wld. renwd. Fin. pos. opp. pk. & Op'r. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. by best Brit. Soc. Pens. from 12 Mks.

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SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage—with its open-air Rest. Ter. on lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. Most comf. Prices reduc. Rms. fr. Sw. Frs. 6.50.

Geneva.—La Residence.—First-cl. Resid. All comf. Spl. Roof-gdn. Tennis. Open-air Rest. Marv. view on lake & mount. Pen. fr. 10 Frs.

SWITZERLAND—*continued.*

Geneva.—Hotel Richemond.—First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from Frs. 5.50.

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Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best pos., first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.

Lausanne.—Hotel Byron.—First-cl. Family Hotel, all comf. Best pos. Excellent cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all incl. from £4.10.0.

Lausanne.—Ouchy.—Meurice Hotel.—On the Lake. 100 beds. Best 1st-class. New prices for 1936. 10 Frs. daily. Garden, Garage.

Lucerne.—Hotel Beau-Rivage.—Facing lake. Next door to Casino. First-class. Excellent food. Pension from S.Frs. 13.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st-class. Finest sit. on lake. Reasonable terms. Private sun & lake baths free for guests. Park, Tennis, Gar.

Lucerne.—Grand Hotel Europe.—The popular First-class Hotel with moderate prices.

Lucerne.—Hotel du Lac.—Always open. Rooms 5.50. Pension from 13 frs. Branch House, Hotel Gotthard, near station.

Lucerne.—The National.—Best location direct on lake. All sports. Room from Frs. 7; Pens. from Frs. 16. Director: A. de Micheli.

Lucerne.—Palace Hotel.—Finest situation *right* on lake-front, quiet yet central. Pension from Frs. 15.

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Lugano.—Grd. Hotel Eden.—Latest comf. All rms. fac. lake, wkly. terms "all in" S.Fr.98. Same house. **The Beau-Rivage.** Wkly. S.Fr.90

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. fac. lake. Mod. Comft. Golf, Tennis, Lge. Pk., Gar., Bch.

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The Bystander, July 29, 1936

No. 1702. Vol. CXXXI.

The BYSTANDER

Cannons of Hollywood

The Countess of Carlisle

Lady Carlisle's 1936 portrait shows what an extremely good-looking person she is, and how amazingly youthful to be the mother of a sixteen-year-old daughter. She is the eldest of the four daughters of Lord and Lady Ruthven, and married the eleventh Earl of Carlisle in 1918 when he was serving in the Navy. They have one son, Viscount Morpeth, born in 1923, and one daughter, Lady Carolyn Howard. Naworth Castle, Carlisle, is the family place; their London house is in Grosvenor Square. Lady Carlisle does all her share of charity work, and gives time and a very capable attention, as well as her name, to committees of which she is chairman or member. Her second sister married a Spaniard, Don Francisco Larios, three years ago, and lives at Algeciras; her youngest sisters are the famous twins, Mrs. John Barran and Mrs. Peter Davies

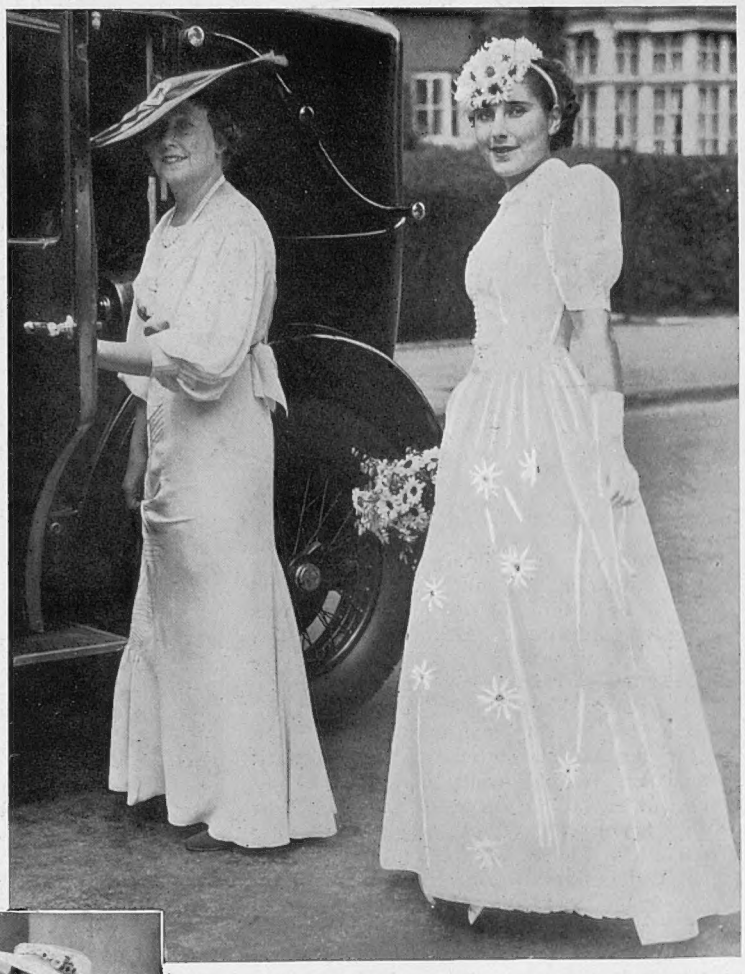
Dressed to Curtsey

Seven Débutantes Who Went to the Royal Garden Receptions

Lady Betty Montagu

Left: Lady Betty Montagu is the Earl and Countess of Sandwich's younger daughter and will be nineteen this year. She went to the first Reception that was abandoned because of the rain

Right: Mrs. Richard Wainwright presented her daughter, Miss Diana Barnato, who wore a white organdie dress embroidered with marguerites and had a head-dress and small bouquet of the real flowers



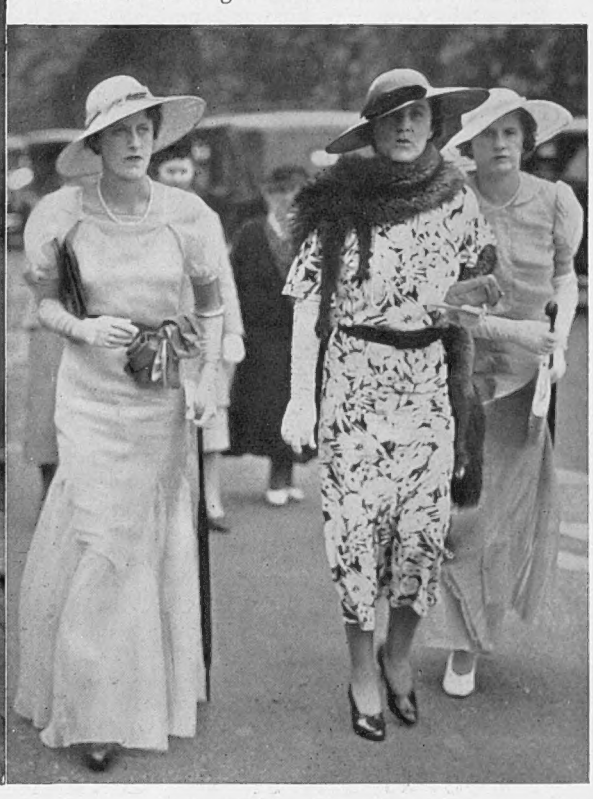
Mrs. Wainwright and Miss Diana Barnato

Miss Mary Malcolm

Sir Ian and Lady Malcolm's débutante daughter looked very attractive in her big turned-up hat. She is a grand-daughter of the famous actress-beauty, Lily Langtry

Miss Daphne Bowles and Miss Rosamund Broughton

Went together to make their curtsies to the King. Rosamund Broughton is Sir Delves and Lady Broughton's daughter, and Daphne Bowles is their niece



Lady Hillingdon, Her Daughter and Niece

Lady Hillingdon (centre) took her niece, Miss Ann de Trafford, and her daughter, the Hon. Ursula Mills, to the Tuesday Garden Reception. The cousins are both eighteen

THE PASSING HOUR

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE news from Spain continues to be amazingly conflicting, especially as the Right Wing journals in this country announce nothing but Fascist victories, while their Left Wing colleagues announce nothing but Fascist defeats. There is nothing, therefore, for the commentator to do except to reflect upon the general character of the Spaniard and the possible directions in which that character, when roused, may go. For the Spaniard is not a guitar-playing dreamer. Those may be found, certainly, in Andalusia. But in the rest of Spain the men are proud and brave and tough. It was the men of Estremadura who conquered Peru and Mexico; it was the peasants of Galicia and the Asturias and Leon who harried the French armies of Ney and Soult and Marmont and Masséna; it was the workers of Barcelona who formed in 1920 or thereabouts the most dangerous Syndicalist movement in Europe.

THESE Spaniards are dogged men. Therein lies the trouble. They very seldom set their hand to a real plough, but when they do, they do not lightly let go. Centuries of poverty and endurance, centuries of domination from the Throne and the Inquisition, have left their mark. The end is not in sight.

SIR THOMAS INSKIP is running perfectly true to his expected form. His speech in the House about munitions was admirable, but it just was not his job. He is not the Minister of Munitions; he is the Minister for the Co-ordination of the Fighting Services. We do not want to hear him explain that fifty-two factories are ready to produce shells. We want to know what the relationship of the Army is to the scheme of defence, and whether the Navy is designed for the hunting down of enemy submarines or for the engagement of enemy battleships, and whether the interceptor-aeroplanes are being correctly distributed between sea and land.

IN fact, Sir Thomas Inskip's speech was a complete proof to me, at any rate, that the BYSTANDER has been right from the start in allowing me to attack Sir Thomas's appointment and to advocate the appointment of another man in his place. Sir Thomas is a delightful man and an excellent lawyer. Mr. Winston Churchill may or may not be a delightful man—I do not know. But this I do know. Mr. Churchill is our ablest administrator (possibly excepting Alfred Mond) of the last thirty years; he has enormous experience; and he has enormous drive. I suppose I have spent fifteen years attacking Mr. Churchill in print and on the platform, but I cannot honestly deny that in this crisis—and it is a momentous crisis—I would give a lot to see him in the place of that amiable lawyer.

POOR Mr. Ernest Brown! The Unemployment Regulations were a devilish packet to have to pilot through the House. The Socialists were going to kick up an infernal row whatever the regulations were. Nothing was going to please them. And the Means Test is a God-given electioneering cry. And the Socialists are so short of leaders, and of political ammunition, that any electioneering cry is a heaven to them. Mr. Brown faced them gallantly, thanks to a combination of a good cause, a fog-horn voice, and a large measure of natural bounce.

The King—by Sickert

Richard Sickert's portrait of the King—painted from a snapshot—is on view at the Leicester Galleries, with other drawings and paintings by modern artists. On the left is Lady Oppenheimer, wife of Sir Francis Oppenheimer

MINISTERIAL changes are again in the offing. Agriculture is not at present represented in the House of Lords, and a change has been promised to remedy this. The Admiralty and the Board of Trade are in the same position. But the main interest centres round Sir John Simon. It is being realised more and more that Sir John is almost as bad a Home Secretary as he was Foreign Secretary, and no one could possibly go further than that. But Sir John is unquestionably a supremely brilliant lawyer. Why not, then, transfer him to high legal office? That is far the most essential Ministerial change. The rumours about Mr. Ramsay MacDonald are much less important. The Lord President of the Council has dropped out to such an extent that it does not really matter very much whether he stays or goes.

THE nationalisation of the Manufacture of Arms in France may, or may not, have far-reaching results. If M. Blum can translate his huge Parliamentary majority for the Bill into action, he will give a lead to us which it will be difficult to ignore. But the French armourers are a powerful group, and the Comité des Forges are not the boys to give in tamely without a struggle.

AN immense howl reaches us from the United States. No less than seven and a half thousand millions of pounds have been spent by the Federal Government in the last six years. "The figures simply stagger the imagination," says the National Economy League of America. Well, it may be that American imaginations are more easily staggered than ours. During the last six years, our Governmental expenditure has been about five

thousand millions, and we have only one-third of the population of the United States. But we aren't staggered.

THERE is no doctrine more jealously defended in America, or most thunderously proclaimed from Press, platform or pulpit, than the doctrine of neutrality in the event of European trouble, and yet, the moment when America comes to earth and faces realism, that doctrine is at once blown sky-high. The moments citizens of the United States are in danger in Spain, the Navy Department despatches the battleship Oklahoma to northern Spain, and the new cruiser Quincy to Gibraltar. Suppose either of these ships is damaged by Spanish bombs or shells, will Washington preserve its neutrality and humbly apologise? Or will it act as it acted in 1898, when the Maine was blown up in Manila harbour?

THE Vimy Ridge Memorial to Canada's dead has been unveiled by the King. It is almost twenty years since that Easter Monday when the Canadians went up against the Ridge. It was a cold, dry morning which turned very soon to a drizzle and then to thick snow. On the lower slopes of the Ridge were fortified villages like Les Tilleuls and Thelus, and long, strong trenches like the Kleeman Stellung, and behind, more fortified villages like Farbus, and behind those again the rows of the German field batteries. On that morning I stood upon the high ground above Roclincourt and watched the Canadians advancing in parade-ground ranks. The flurries of snow were coming down, but the long khaki rows of men stood out against the dull green grass of the fields. And by evening the impregnable ridge was impregnable no longer.

THE pageant of ships at Ramsgate must have been fascinating. Beginning with the Roman galley and ending with the arrival of the first steam-packet at Ramsgate, it was a picturesque history of seafaring. Cæsar landed from a galley, and the slightly mythical Hengist and Horsa, and St. Augustine and Charles the Second. But the pageant-makers were too wily to be tempted into the controversy over the Greek trireme and its triple bank of oars.

THE choice of Mr. G. O. Allen as captain of the M.C.C. team in Australia has pleased everyone except the unpleasables who dislike a bowler-captain. Let them cast their minds back to F. S. Jackson, F. R. Foster, Johnny Douglas, Sammy Woods, Jack Mason, and then let them be silent.

Sympathy must, of course, go out to Mr. Wyatt, as hard-working, painstaking, and skilful an all-round cricketer as we have had for a long time. But the trouble about Mr. Wyatt—to be perfectly frank—is that he simply is not a captain. And a captain we must have.

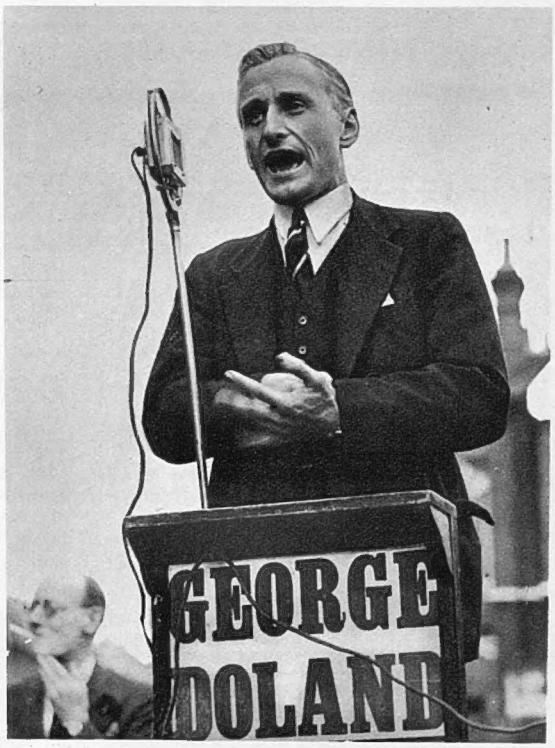
AND while I am on cricket, here is a question which I should like answered. Eton is admittedly the finest school for amateur batting in the country. The Eton style, with its aggressive forward play and its drives through the covers, has always been the last word in elegance. Very well, then. Now comes the question. Who was the last Old Etonian to play cricket for England against Australia for his batting alone? I have an idea that it was Lord Harris in about 1882.

THE mild agitation for an alteration of the rules of lawn tennis on the subject of "net-cord" strokes seems very reasonable. The "net-cord" is a tiresome and unfair stroke, which usually wins a point for the man who has failed in the primary object of the game, to get the ball over the net. In tennis (by which I do not mean lawn tennis) the net-cord shot is almost always disadvantageous for the player who makes it. In the soft-ball game it is the other way round, and a change in the rules would appear to be just.

I WENT to hear Mr. Gerald Heard put the "Dick Sheppard" pacifist case at a public meeting in Guildford. I have listened to many orators at one time or another, but never have I listened to such a superb flow of eloquence. Mr. Heard spoke for a full hour without a single note or a single break. Whether it meant very much to the ordinary man-in-the-street is another matter. It meant very little to me.

ANOTHER entertainment I took myself to a few days ago was *Lady Precious Stream*, at the Savoy. It has been running for a long time, but somehow I had never contrived to see it. What an enchanting play it is, and what supremely lovely Chinese costumes! As for Miss Joyce Redman, she completely won what is left of this rugged old heart after forty years or so of Fleet Street.

I HAD written a paragraph to be put in here about the July weather, but my solicitors advise me that it would lay me open to all kinds of actions for blasphemy, malfeasance, barratry, right of free warren, and tort, and especially for blasphemy. So, dear public, you will have to go without my paragraph about the July weather. But if you want to get a general idea of the gist of it, find an old-fashioned bargee and throw an over-ripe tomato into his left eye.

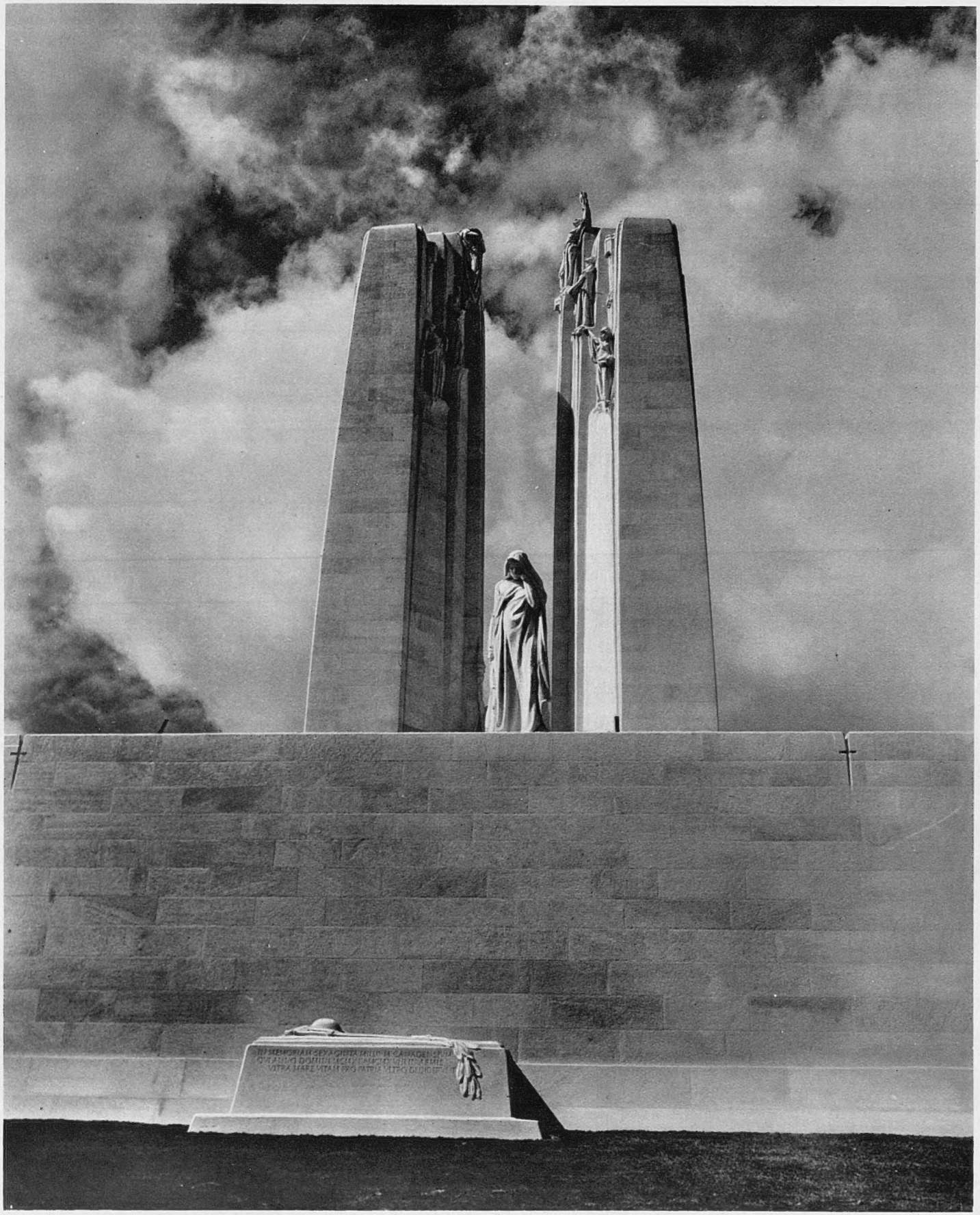


"Hundred to One Bar One!"

Lord Burghley, M.P. for Peterborough, was one of Lt.-Col. Doland's, speakers in the Balham by-election. Col. Doland, who succeeds Sir Alfred Butt as Conservative Member, won the election with a two-thousand majority over the Labour candidate, Capt. W. G. Miller

M. Blum Spends a Night in London

Mme. Blum came to London with her husband on his twenty-four-hour visit for the three-Power Conference last Thursday. They flew over from Paris and arrived in time for lunch and M. Blum's Locarno discussion with the British and Belgian representatives at Downing Street, and flew back again the following afternoon. The French Premier's brother, René Blum, is still over here with his ballet company



On Vimy Ridge

The great Canadian War Memorial on Vimy Ridge was unveiled by the King last Sunday. A wonderfully impressive ceremony was arranged as a frame for the unveiling and the King's dedicatory speech; the President of the French Republic took part, and Mr. Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, spoke by telephone across the Atlantic. Six thousand Canadian ex-Service men were present, besides naval and military guards of honour, pipers and buglers, and thousands of English and French watchers. The Memorial itself, standing superbly on the Vimy skyline, has taken fourteen years to build, and is dedicated to more than sixty thousand Canadians who died in the war

Miss Patricia Udny

Miss Carola Peyton-Jones

Below: Miss Penelope Palmer

Seated on the red and gold chair of State tent and backed by members of the watched the endless file of curtseying

The Garden Receptions

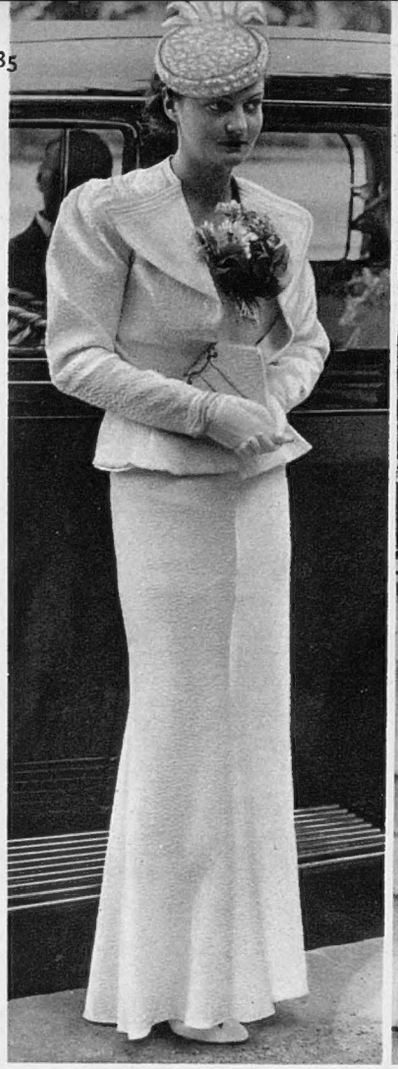
The King and the Debutantes at Buckingham Palace

Miss Diana Cory

Miss Daphne Dawes

Miss Anne and Miss Susan Eccles

under a red and gold Durbar Royal Family, the King women pass before him



Miss Sheila Bucknall

Miss Virginia Brand

Mlle. Constance de Masirevitch

Miss Jacqueline Maude and Miss Mary Ruth Bonham-Carter

Miss Diana Knox

Miss Margaret Bolton

Three Guests at a Dog Party

Left: Miss Mollie Sullivan took her Peke, Wonkie, to the dog party Mrs. Gordon Halsey gave at the Spotted Dog Club. She is with Miss Nancy Harmond - Banner

"What Did You Say, Dear?"

Above: Sir Victor and Lady Warrender's cross-table conversation took place at the Debutantes' Ball at Grosvenor House in aid of the King Edward VII. Memorial Hospital at Ealing. Lady Warrender was the chairman of the ball committee

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

Two young hostesses who have acquired the art of entertaining at an early age are Miss Joyce Wingfield and Miss Nancy Malcolmson.

They gave a house-cooling cocktail-party last week as they are giving up their Brook Street flat. It was on the day of the Maugham-Paravicini wedding, and most of the young men present arrived in top-hats and tails.

Mr. Henry Cavendish was one, and he brought Miss Desirée de la Tour, that attractive Austrian girl who has rather deserted London of late.

Off to Biarritz

Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell, who usually spends her holidays with the two hostesses, was also there. She is very pretty, as nice as she looks, and immensely popular. The Maurice Bridgemans, with whom Miss Wingfield and Miss Malcolmson stayed in America last winter, and the Leonard Govetts were other guests. Mr. Govett owned the self-same flat in his bachelor days. Mrs. Govett wore an original black and white ensemble with complete success, and they are off to Biarritz this week.

Opal-Tinted Satin

Several people gave dinner-parties at the Ritz before Lady Kemsley's ball last Monday night.

The John McConnells, those charming young Canadians who have been given a whirl in London, entertained a party which included Lord Donegall. Mrs. McConnell's grey tulle dress with blue fox at the elbows and lovely sapphire and diamond clips was one of the prettiest in the room. She has a transparently delicate skin which she attributes to a touch of pale green powder at night! Sir John and Lady Dashwood entertained a very large party, and we liked Lady Dashwood's dress of mauve and white pin-striped muslin, which, terminating at the ankles, reached the floor by means of a purple net petticoat. Lady Scarsdale wore lovely ruby and diamond bracelets with an opal-tinted satin dress.

A Star Turn

Diners at the Dorchester had a special treat the other night when Miss Gertrude Lawrence, who was in a large party at a ringside table, got up and helped Mr. Russell Swann do his conjuring act.

Her long black tulle dress was a thrill for the feminine part of the audience, and two butterflies—one red, one white—perched on top of her curly coiffeur provided a fashion note of interest.

Miss Heather Thatcher, who had been recalled from a holiday in the north of Scotland for an urgent film test, was in the same party, which was given by Mr. Carl Bendix.

Other guests included Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sopwith, Sir Victor Sassoon, who is returning, alas! to Shanghai "so soon," and Lord Donegall and Mr. Rupert Bellville, who were seen to be poring over a map of Spain with intense interest.

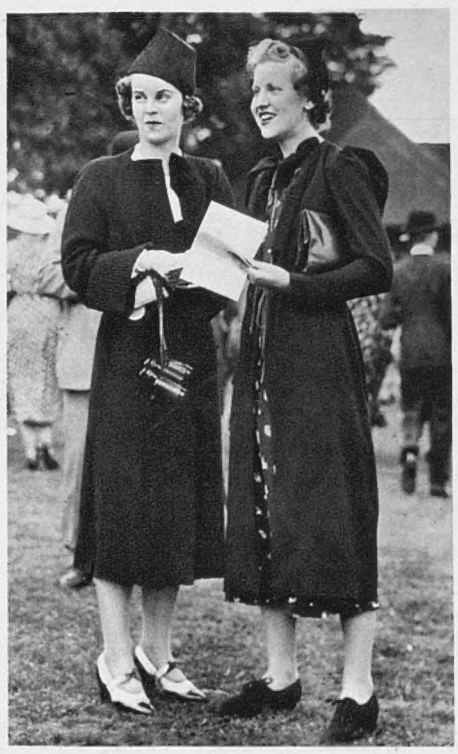
Tied to London

Ever since we read *Sweet Pepper* years and years ago, we have longed to go to Budapest, but never have we thought of that city as a shopping centre of outstanding interest.

Now, having seen the Countess of Carlisle in quite the best imprimé dress of the season, which she bought there for less than the price of a pair of American shoes, we feel like popping off with an empty trunk and a cheque-book.

It was a black dress with minute figures in brilliant colours all over it. There was an imposing jade belt buckle too. Altogether a poem of a dress.

An interesting job in an advisory capacity connected with films will keep Lady Carlisle tied to London during the holiday season.



Neat Young Things at Sandown

Miss Suzanne du Boulay and the Hon. Daphne Pearson went racing on Eclipse Day at Sandown. Daphne Pearson is Lord Cowdray's sister; she and Suzanne du Boulay were both 1935 debutantes

St. Margaret's Wedding

Mr. Denys Colquhoun Lowson and his seventeen-year-old bride, the Hon. Patricia Macpherson, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Flowerdew Lowson, and she is Lord and Lady Strathcarron's daughter

Oratory Wedding

Sir Anthony Doughty-Tichborne and Miss Antonia Snagge, twin daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Snagge, of 4, Cadogan Terrace, S.W.1, were married at the Brompton Oratory last Thursday. Sir Anthony Tichborne is twenty-two, succeeded as fourteenth Baronet in 1930, is co-heir to two baronies, and owns Tichborne Park near Alresford in Hampshire

Guinness Bridesmaids

Lady Patricia and Lady Brigid Guinness were bridesmaids to Lady Elizabeth Hare when she married their brother, Lord Elveden, last week. Lady Patricia Guinness is eighteen this year, and Lady Brigid is two years younger; their eldest sister is Lady Honor Channon

Airing Our Chilly Linen

ALTHOUGH the dress shops may try to steal a march on each other by showing autumn fashions in July, it seems early to see them being actually worn.

Smart Americans and foreigners are ahead of us in this respect, and while we persist in airing our chilly linens and crêpe-de-Chines, thick woollens and furs sit cheek by jowl beside us.

We saw Mrs. Jay O'Brien in a crimson velvet beret one day last week, and lunching at Prunier's we noted a Chilean or Spanish beauty in a dark blue suit and felt hat and a rust-coloured scarf; and at another table, an older woman with white hair wearing dark green and sables.

When do these women wear summer clothes if *not* in July? Very reasonably only in what we call a heat-wave, but what to them in their own countries must be ordinary summer weather.

More Help Than Repartee

A PIQUANT profile is about the best thing a girl can be born with nowadays. Turned on a young man during a quarrel, or even an argument, it is more help than the most brilliant repartee.

It can melt a heart, intrigue the senses, and be utterly baffling; in fact, the owner of a really piquant profile can get away with murder. The perfect Grecian profile is useless nowadays: it goes neither with our millinery or our manners.

Gertrude Lawrence has a good modern profile, and many of her best lines on the stage have more effect through making full use of it.

When listening to Beatrice Lillie's songs, one realises the value of her amusing profile, every feature with an upturned slant—eyes, nose, and her good-natured, humorous mouth.

Of all the photographed and paragraphed "socialites," Mrs. Kellett's is our favourite profile. Essentially modern, essentially smart, so imperfect, but so attractive withal.

A Dimpled Beauty

IT was a tragedy that the weather spoilt the first Royal garden-party and did half the little debutantes out of their first curtsey.

One must be thankful for small mercies in a bad summer, and on Wednesday we were at least spared a deluge, although those long, very summery dresses and large hats do need sun not to appear rather ridiculous. The prettiest and best-dressed "debutante" we met was Mrs. John Goodenday, who looked a picture all in pale turquoise blue, pleated chiffon dress, short taffeta coat, and large, very simple, felt hat. It was a clever choice of colour for her dimpled and very blue-eyed type of beauty.

Pretty, Witty and Kind

YOU have only to play one "glamorous" part in a successful film (and play it well in Hollywood) to be a social success in this country ever after.

Take those two charming blondes, Virginia Cherrill and Whitney Bourne, for instance. They may both have made other pictures, but when you meet them it is always *City Lights* and *Crime Without Passion* respectively, that are mentioned. Anyway, they are both pretty, witty and kind, so their popularity is a foregone conclusion.

End of the Season

TIRED of the "Battle of the Ritz" and feeling very much the worse for wear, we thought we would have a hen luncheon at the Embassy. We scarcely reckoned with the end-of-the-season rush and clatter that we encountered.

Perhaps the crowd was due to the fact that Miss Sylvia Sidney, demurer, quieter, and more elfin in real life than on the films, was lunching there with Mr. Cecil Latta. Even the balcony was full, and this on a day when one imagined the season was over.

A Cocktail-Party

UNLESS interesting people are at a cocktail-party it is a function that falls flat. We could *not* accuse Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. John Barran of such a fault.

We met that very good-looking young man, Mr. Peter de Larios, there, aching for a lift to Spain to join his side of the battle. His cousin married the Hon. Jean Ruthven, and as she was last heard of in Barcelona, her family are naturally anxious.

Lord and Lady Carlisle, Mr. Nigel Seely, and Mme. Provatoroff were also there, and last but not least, Miss Bessie Love, in a neat little grey and white suit. She is making a film at Elstree with Noah Beery, and is just one more film star whom we have captured temporarily from Hollywood.

MISS PEEPS

Two Weddings

Miss Lisa Maugham and M. Vincent Paravicini

M. Vincent Paravicini, the only son of the Swiss Minister and Mme. Paravicini, and Miss Lisa Maugham, the only child of Mr. William Somerset Maugham and Mrs. Syrie Maugham, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Miss Maugham wore a white and silver brocade dress, and had her six grown-up bridesmaids in pale gold lamé. In the Croydon snapshot on the right are, besides the Paravicinis, Lord and Lady Plunket and their small son Shaun, who was a page, and Lady Anne Bridgeman, one of the bridesmaids

Viscount Elveden and Lady Elizabeth Hare

Lord Elveden and Lady Elizabeth Hare were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, two days after the Paravicini-Maugham wedding. He is the Earl and Countess of Iveagh's only son, and she is the younger daughter of the late Earl of Listowel and Freda Countess of Listowel. The bride wore ivory peau d'ange, had four grown-up bridesmaids in ivory chiffon, and a retinue of fourteen children, all in white and pink. Lord Elveden is a Territorial Gunner (second Lieutenant), and his brigade produced the guard of honour. The Marquess of Sligo was his best man

The Paravicinis Make a Flying Start

"After You, Who . . .?"

A New "Bystander" Series of

Celebrities in Cameo

No. 31

John Gunther

IT was over ten years ago that I first met John Gunther. I was a police-court reporter in those days and he was a junior on the *Chicago Daily News*—in the London office. Since then he has interviewed Trotzky, De Valera, King Carol, Briand, Azana, Litvinoff, and anyone else you like to think of. Portugal is the only country in Europe he does not know, and Lisbon the only capital in which he has not lived. He was in Vienna during both revolutions. Twice he has been shot at. But a decade has not altered him at all. He is still the big, blond young man with the blue eyes and phlegm of his Westphalian great-grandfather. John Gunther would be horrified if anyone visualised him as a hard-boiled reporter of the front page type. He does not emulate the scoops of the crasser type of tabloid. His newspaper writing is descriptive, interpretative, almost meditative. Luck came to him the day he was appointed "swing-man" in Europe for his newspaper. That meant he took over from each chief correspondent in London, Berlin, Madrid, Rome, and the other great cities when they went sick or on holiday. That is how he acquired so much of his intimate material about the bosses of Europe which has made *Inside Europe* the political "Goodbye to all that" and such a wonderful best-seller. And goodbye it is, because John leaves the newspaper racket for ever on Saturday (August 1st). He goes back to America to write romantic novels with a present-day European background.

HE is tired of describing events immediately before they happen. He wants to sit in the sun and write about things after they have really occurred. He has had enough of working to the split second. He wants to rediscover his own country. For though he knows Amman well and Tiflis like the back of his hand he has never been in Boston, New Orleans, or even Denver. New York has only seen him for a few hours. Chicago is different. He was born there and went to the local university before his fourteen years' "hard" in daily journalism. But it was in Paris that he met his wife; in Rome that he married; in Moscow where they set up house; and in Vienna where their son Johnny was born. Now Johnny (junior) wants to go home and count the stars and stripes and see that there are really forty-eight. And his father will probably take up golf and after a few weeks will wonder whether Central Europe is not really much less exasperating than the Royal and Ancient game. Of course, he will be his own master; he won't have to leave telephone messages all over town to say where he can be got; he won't continuously have to miss breakfast, lunch and dinner; his headquarters will no longer be the Sleeping Car Company; he won't have to be censored, delayed, made uncomfortable in a hundred different ways. But will he be happy away from the spot-light, the cock-pit, the excitement, the suspense, the temporary dismays, and the final triumphs of an ace newspaperman? I think so. There is a whole lot of great grandpapa Johann's blood seeping calmly through the big-boned frame of the thirty-four-year-old author of *Inside Europe*.

Good luck, John.

Charles Graves

Second Thoughts on First Nights

"Taken at the Flood"

Autocrat of the boarding-house: Mr. O'Hara (Arthur Sinclair)

"Spring Tide" (Duchess Theatre)

THIS unpretentious little comedy seems to bring out all that is kindliest in an audience, it is so full of youthful optimism and so unashamedly sentimental that it disarms criticism. Apparently no wiseacre stood by to warn George Billam and Peter Goldsmith that they really could not write such an unsophisticated play, so they just went ahead, taking it for granted that audiences would love to see a fairy godmother disguised as a boarding-house keeper; a deus ex machinâ in the shape of an elderly Irishman, and half a dozen young people who obligingly sort themselves out into happy couples. And the amazing thing is they were perfectly right, the audience just lapped it up.

THE scene opens in a shabby West Kensington boarding-house presided over by Mrs. Porrett (Louise Hampton), sharp-tongued but golden-hearted, and ready to do her best by the queer, impoverished crowd she has collected under her roof. In this she is aided and abetted by Mr. O'Hara (Arthur Sinclair), an odd old Irishman, who sits in his chair pulling strings and imperceptibly guiding the little company into the ways they should go. The first act shows a sad state of affairs, the sands are running out, the boarding-house is giving up the ghost, and Ma Porrett waters the pickles with her salt tears as she breaks it to her lodgers that she can no longer carry on, closing time has come.

Here the first miracle occurs. Mr. O'Hara remembers that he has an old houseboat at Chiswick and proposes that they should all migrate, live there rent free and pool their money; so in the next act, there they are, having had five months of it, and all of them pretty well fed up. But O'Hara gets busy as director and decides to guide their talents into more profitable channels. Jill (Patricia Burke), a young person who composes indifferent tone poems, is persuaded that good dance music would pay better; Christopher (Barry Barnes), who writes plays about high Scciety, is urged to write instead about things he knows from personal experience; it is not quite so clear how he deals with the rest of the party, but that he steers them safely to prosperity is seen in the last act, when they all meet again in the dear old boarding-house, six months later, and share out the money they had pooled.

Pen-pusher and share-pusher: Chris Lassetter (Barry Barnes) and Mr. Wrotherington (Basil Radford)

Mrs. Porrett, boarding-house châtelaine (Louise Hampton), obliges by posing

BY this time they are oozing success at every pore, all but Andrew Boone, the young artist, who having a spark of real genius, has gone his own way and remained poor. Geoffrey Edwards plays this part so well and with such sincerity, that it stands out from the rest as a piece of real flesh and blood; it is a pity that he has to be handed over to Jill, who is really not good enough for him, but this is a play in which every Jill must have her Jack. The other two girls are already married off, Madge (Nancy Hornsby) to Christopher, the now successful playwright, and Ruth, the lachrymose little shop-girl, to Peter (Robert Eddison), the young City gent.

Arthur Sinclair's performance as Mr. O'Hara is a masterly exposition of delicate comedy, and Louise Hampton must rejoice in the scope that a part like Mrs. Porrett gives her; she plays it with broad humour and a great sense of character. Frederick Cooper as Heaverstock, a long-winded gentleman with no roof to his mouth, is uproariously funny; he brought back happy memories of Lewis Sidney reciting Kissing Cup Race.

Arthur Hambling is great as the nautical-minded manservant who fetches lashings of brown ale for everybody, which all adds to the gaiety of things. And gay it is, the humour throughout is sparkling and spontaneous.

Andrew Boone (Geoffrey Edwards) paints his landlady's portrait

Sketches by Rouson

Baron

Harold Nicholas — Youngest "Blackbird"

Small but shining star, little Harold Nicholas smiles irresistibly, dances nimbly, and sings, in his metallic boy's voice, with the greatest confidence and not a trace of conceit. He appears twice in *Blackbirds of 1936* at the Gaiety: once with the Blackbirds' Beauty Chorus, singing "Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye," setting a mischievous cap at them, and literally leading them a dance. The house roars with joy at him, and welcomes him back like a long-lost darling when he reappears in the second half, this time dancing with his elder brother who is two years senior and just that much a better dancer. Harold is fourteen, comes of a musical family—his father, for example, used to run a band—and likes to go riding when his energy hasn't a working outlet. He and his brother came to England from the Ziegfeld Follies and a continuous two-years' engagement at New York's Cotton Club. They've been in films, too—*The Big Broadcast of 1935* and the Eddie Cantor picture, *Kid Millions*

Women and Their Cars

Lady Anne Bridgeman

Her's is a four-seater saloon with light paint and dark upholstery. She is Lord and Lady Bradford's twenty-three-year-old daughter, and is lovely to look at

Right: Miss Marion Cameron, younger daughter of Locheil and Lady Hermione Cameron, drives down from Scotland in a small four-seater. She is twenty-two, and smilingly popular

Lady Patricia Mackay

Lord Inchcape gave his daughter her last open car, in which she drives herself cheerfully around, usually without a hat

Miss Marion Cameron

Mrs. Harry Hohler

Left: Mrs. Harry Hohler had her husband to do chauffeur for her that day. He is in the Foreign Office and she was Val Pirie; she is full of vitality and likes entertaining

Mme. Paul Dubonnet

Came over to London for the season with a very sumptuous English car and a French chauffeur. Goes to Scotland instead of Biarritz this year

Lady Brougham and Vaux

Had her light sport-ish car in Hyde Park when she was photographed. She is twenty-one, gay and attractive; was Jean Follett

Mrs. Everard Gates

Left: Mrs. Gates was given her black shining car by her husband because it matched a black satin dress of hers he liked. They have a house at Esher, and a Grosvenor Sq. flat

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

UNDOUBTEDLY the best Marx Brothers news-item of the past few weeks was a British United Press message from Washington :

"The famous log on which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald sat with President Hoover at Rapidan Camp some years ago and discussed the affairs of the world has been practically destroyed. Woodpeckers got at it, and the natural process of decay finished the job."

We 've cabled our Washington representative asking whether " it " shouldn't read " them," the two statesmen involved being so essentially wooden themselves that any woodpecker might be excused for taking a stab at them. You will probably argue that their features would have expressed sudden alarm, concern, and dubiety while the woodpeckers were actually carrying on their labour of love : to which the answer is that the features of President Hoover, Mr. MacDonald, and possibly Katharine Hepburn are notoriously beautiful but immobile. Statesmen's faces *should* be completely expressionless, anyway ; even (as Talleyrand said) when their owner is being privily kicked from the rear. Hence woodpeckers might be at them all day long as they discussed the affairs of the world, and the admiring mob behind the police cordons would know nothing.

Every friend of the birdies will hope no harm was done to those poor little beaks.

Okay, Judge

BOUQUET of simple wild flowers for Judge Oschenschlager, of Aurora, Ill., who has offered to dismiss any case against a motorist in which a brand-new excuse is offered him. But when it comes to a real showdown, as Pater used to say, one wonders whether the Judge can stick to his promise. Easy test-case, one of a thousand :

"Why did you run this poor woman down ? "
"I didn't like the look of her."
"Why ? "
"I just didn't."
"Ever seen her before ? "
"Never in my life."
"Listen, you can't go round running over folks because you don't like their pans."
"Whyever not ? "
"It 's wrong."
"Well, that 's my excuse."

This fascinating discussion might go on for hours, and unless the poor woman had a pull with Congressman Fibbledibber or the Schlumberger boys Judge Oschenschlager would be forced either to dismiss the case or forswear himself—a thing no lawyer would ever do.

Every day we expect a news-item (preferably from down Texas way) about a judge deciding a long and involved suit by throwing the poker-dice, in the manner of the celebrated Justice Bridlegoose. There are tremendous arguments in favour of this solution, as every jurist knows.

Lost Endeavour

AS if there weren't enough worries about already, a gentleman living at Cheam is worried about the original manuscripts which, according to Camden, were buried in Spenser's tomb in the Abbey by the representative poets attending. "Mournful Elegies," says Camden, " and the Pens that wrote them, were thrown into the Grave." These might be recovered, thinks the gentleman at Cheam, especially since Shakespeare was most probably among those present.

It seems incredible that the character of the Muses' children should be so misjudged. Is it likely that Shakespeare—a keen business man, a prosperous tradesman, a terrible fellow in the County Court—would throw away anything good ? Or the other poetic boys, either ? Heh, heh, heh ! Excuse our refined mirth—we used to mix with some of the post-War Georgian Group : all capable poets, charming fellows, and as tough as a lot of debutantes.

A curious dream came to us, incidentally, while we were musing over this—we dreamed that every Poet Laureate had to be buried like Spenser. Round the open tomb stood our leading poets in attitudes of dejection, revolt, exaltation, or utter collapse, according to preference. When the time came for casting in the precious offerings not a soul moved. It turned out afterwards they just hadn't anything they couldn't sell to somebody. The oppressive silence was broken at length by a sonorous cough from Mr. Drinkwater and a high gurgle from Mr. Osbert Sitwell, and the proceedings ended.

1431 and All That

FINE actress as Miss Wendy Hiller is, we were slightly disappointed on hearing that she was to play St. Joan at the Malvern Festival, in honour of the old gentleman's eightieth birthday. Not that we don't admire Miss Hiller, but somebody had told us that Miss Bergner was going to do it, as in the long-promised film, and we were certainly going to Malvern for that. We love witchery. We adore roguery and the elfin stuff. We 'd hoped to see St. Joan pretty " fey " this time, perhaps hiding from people, perhaps darting, just a *gamine* with a heart

" Can you do that, Officer ? "

of gold. And we submit this is ideal for the play, itself a work of charming whimsy. Ludmilla Pitoeff practically ruined it by infusing reality into it. Probably she 'd been reading up history behind the Shavian back, the little Russian sneak.

Incidentally, no new biography of St. Joan was published last week. Publishers we 've asked put this down (rather gloomily) to the increased popularity of week-end motoring.

Dark Man's Burden

SOMEBODY tells us we needn't have been so uppish about our infant memories of *The Fairchild Family* the other day—the point is, did we ever find its predecessor, *Little Henry and His Bearer*, on the nursery shelves? No, we didn't, but knowing Mrs. Sherwood's style we 're prepared to believe it 's a book of extreme charm and packed with thrills. It 's an Indian tale, apparently, written in 1815, and, purely from conjecture we bet Little Henry and his bearer go rolling round the bazaars having no end of a time. Other likely characters:

Mrs. Colonel Verrily-Boyling, the Scourge of Simla,
Durti, a bearer's aunt,
Gerald Barrington-Barrington, a sahib,
Ella Imple, a lady elephant-breaker,
The Rajah of Bootch,
The Rev. Timothy Teatime,
Zizi, a French flirt,
Donald McDonald McGillivray, a moneylender,
Major Battray, of the Heavy Artillery,
Charity Bibbitt, just a home girl,
Mrs. Murrayne, the Worst Woman in Bengal,
The Bengal Lancers (Lieut.-Col. Aubrey Smith),
The 88th Foot,
"Archie," a cross tiger,
"Ugly," a nautch-girl up to no good,

"I did it for a bet, Freddie, and I've still got one choc-bar left!"

—and so on, as long as you like. Probably none of these characters comes into the story at all, and Little Henry's bearer has all the work, especially when Little Henry is one over the eight and has to be borne some distance.

Now tell *us* one.

Tzigane

"SHE cast a spell over me," said a Cumberland farmer, referring the other day to Gipsy Lena Evans, who said his crops would die and he 'd have seven years' bad luck if he didn't draw £200 from the bank at once; which he, of course, did, and she took it away, he alleged. Our little sister of the windy heath got off with a £3 fine for fortune-telling, which shows the Gorgio can be merciful when he likes. Dancing our wild way through the world, we 've often got into worse trouble than that for pinching hens, a picturesque Romany custom as old as the moon.

Gorgio law nevertheless seems a little queer to us simple children of the road. Our sister is fined three pounds for telling a farmer's fortune, whereas the leading astrologer and necromancer boys not only get large salaries from newspapers for doing the same thing, but run a monthly paper of their own to boot, fearless and unperturbed. We deduce (a) that if it 's in print the Gorgio believes it, whatever it is (so long, naturally, as it hasn't any bearing on reality), and (b) that if it 's in large print, like admirals' letters in *The Times*, it 's gospel.

Are we right, in our carefree Romany way? Leave a few flowers at the cross-roads to reassure us. Then we shall know—if the dustman hasn't passed first.

"And don't forget to bring me back another seven pounds of lipstick"

Bastille

THE forthcoming coup d'état, purge, or reign of terror at the B.B.C., when—so one of the Press boys in the know alleges—Sir John Reith will sweep away about a hundred "disaffected" elements with fire and sword and all the generals and admirals on the B.B.C. Staff, champing delightedly, will have the ringleaders shot in batches of five, might yet take an interesting turn, we're told. For example, the mutineers may rush the citadel in advance and have some lewd fun with the broadcasts while troops and police and Boy Scouts and firemen and welfare-workers and Men of the Trees and the League of Aunts and whatnot are still massing for the attack on Portland Place—who knows?

The previous mutiny (1934) at Broadcasting House, led by a disaffected technical expert who'd had to listen-in to everything for six months solid and went hopping mad, was crushed, if you remember, in a curious way. While the rebels were barricading all the corridors and slapping willowy young gentlemen in mauve jumpers till they cried with pain, a huge force of Government troops from Hounslow and Knightsbridge, hurriedly summoned by telephone, were held up helpless in the great foyer, the rigid officials at "Enquiries" rightly insisting on everyone's filling up the proper form, stating business, etc. In the meantime, the mutineers, starved out, surrendered. The bullet-holes in the west parapet of the roof complete the grim story.

Red-Light Dept.

TALKING of poets (see above), a deplorable slip was made by Mr. Baldwin at Cambridge the other day. Welcoming delegates to an Empire University Congress, he asked that the Universities should "produce more poets to inspire Europe and the world with a sense of unity and freedom," which is an oughly thing to suggest. A poet said to us last week: "Everyone knows (a) that there are far too many amateurs in the trade already, and (b) that University poets are notoriously the veriest-down-at-heel, wall-eyed, herring-gutted, flea-bitten, pin-shanked, wet-nosed, slabberdegullion lackeys and footboys of Parnassus, receiving no glad eye from Melpomene but, very properly, great swingeing kicks in the pants for their scrannel stuff from the Nine Muses, the Three Graces, and anyone who happens to be hanging round Helicon at the time. Deliberately to encourage such fellows is death. The Empire is swarming with poets already, some noble, loud, stiff, and swaggering, others a mewling and mumchance spawn too pitiful to be spurned, lacking even the organ-note of the Sweet Singer of Michigan, whose song (e.g.:

> Have you heard of the dreadful fate
> Of Mr. P. P. Bliss and wife?
> Of their death I will relate
> And also others lost their life, etc.)

so often puts their shrill squeakings to shame."

Those were his words, not ours. Excuse this alarmist note.

Dilemma

END of a letter dated January 20th, 1646, to "my very loving Friend the Laird of Coall," quoted in Boswell's Hebrides journal:

> ". . . be confident you shall fynd the effects of his Mās favour, as they can be witnessed you by
> Your very faithful freinde,
> MONTROSE."

End of letter on fuel in wartime to *The Times*, July 15th, 1936:

> "Smokeless coal can be supplied profitably at about 30s. a ton, ex works. Are we to delay developing this extraordinary revolution in transport-costs because it might lay up a tanker or two? Surely not? . . .
> I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
> MONTROSE."

What annoys us about both letters is that we were going to draw some frightfully picturesque parallel between them, but having got thus far we now haven't the faintest idea what the parallel is. Scores of people do this sort of thing every week in the *Sunday Times* correspondence columns, and here are we biting our nails helplessly and looking a perfect ass. Will anybody who knows what to do write to us care of "Auntie Joy" at this journal, marking the envelope "Medical"?

Tailpiece

BELATED—who cares?—but nice-ish story of the Eton-Harrow match. Somebody we heard of took a Frenchman there, and he was consumedly bored, as most grown-ups would be. The toppers and frocks trailed round and round, the rain came down, a couple of white-clad figures on the distant pitch were seen patting the ball in a desultory, well-bred way, and suddenly there came a languid burst of clapping from the stand. "*Enfin*," said the foreigner, striving politely to simulate interest, "it is Harrod's that have won?"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Only one in a thousand does this"

Films of the Day

"The Petrified Forest": By George Campbell

VISIT Alexander Korda's vast Denham studios these days—preferably with a guide, for you may easily lose yourself in those endless corridors, despite the signposts—and there is a sporting chance of your running into the cleverest dramatist-cum-scenario-writer living. Other people write brilliant plays; and Hollywood employs, I suppose, at least a dozen astonishingly agile script men. Ben Hecht, for instance, and Charles MacArthur, Joe Mankievitz, Robert Riskin (who always works with Capra), Norman Krasna, and other stars behind the stars. But nobody shines quite so steadily in both fields as this lanky giant of 6 ft. 4 in. who used to be an editor, looks like a Texas cowboy come to town, and is still only forty. His name is Robert E. Sherwood.

MR. SHERWOOD'S career in this country began disastrously with *The Road to Rome* (which ran nine days to miserable takings at the Strand), and grew steadily worse. *Waterloo Bridge* and *Acropolis* flopped in turn. They were all admirably written, a few critics liked them, and the public showed its opinion of satire in the usual manner. It stayed away. Like another eminent New York dramatist, George S. Kaufmann (of *Beggar on Horseback* and *Dinner at Eight*), he had just about reconciled himself to the belief that he would never have a success in London when *Reunion in Vienna* got over. Since then his adaptation of *Tovarich* has been a triumph; and in the autumn you will probably see Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne again in his latest Broadway hit, *Idiot's Delight*. On the film side his scripts include *The Scarlet Pimpernel* and *The Ghost Goes West*, two of the most successful pictures ever made in this country and two of the best written. For writing *does* count on the screen as in the theatre, no matter what some British directors think.

NOW you may see the screen version of the play in which Leslie Howard had a year's run on Broadway—*The Petrified Forest*—and a lovely piece of work it is. People are always nagging about the movies. They are so vulgar, so crude, my dear. Those awful American accents! A Lancashire accent like Gracie Fields's—I rather enjoy that, and good, honest Cockney 's always funny. When Gracie says "You 're gormless!" and dear George Robey shouts "Gurtcha!" I nearly split my sides. But that awful Jimmy Cagney with his "Okay" and "Swell!", and Jean Harlow talking about somebody as "lousy"—what I mean is, the films are so *unrefined*. And *such* a bad influence on the young and the working classes. Why, only the other day I heard Pamela, my youngest daughter, you know, such a *sweet* child, saying—well, I won't repeat it in a bus, but I 'm sure she heard it at the cinema. *Such* a pity!

I WONDER what the lady of the bus would think of *The Petrified Forest*? Not much, I imagine. She wouldn't understand a word of it. Not that it is highbrow, any more than *Fury* is, or *Pasteur*. But to appreciate it properly you need imagination. To understand the girl at the desert café, and the literary hobo who walks into her life, you must see the spiny silhouettes of Arizona's cactus desert; you must feel the girl's rebellion against heat and sand and monotony, her artist's longing for escape; you must know something of the unsuccessful author's sense of frustration and failure, of seeking always for some significance, some form and pattern, which is as elusive in life as in fiction. Add that the fugitive gangsters who take possession of the café are also outside the bus lady's circle of acquaintances, and therefore as fabulous to her as the unicorn, and you have grounds for supposing that *The Petrified Forest* is not her meat. A nice, refined stage show like *While Parents Sleep*, in which a hearty youth used an expression I could hardly get away with in print, and a young woman in cami-knickers wrestled, or forgot to wrestle, with a young gentleman on a couch—now that 's the sort of thing a cultured Bayswater woman could take the family to and enjoy. My bus friend said so.

THE acting in *The Petrified Forest* is superb. Leslie Howard has never done anything more sensitive, more subtly blended of pathos and humour, than his study of the philosophic hobo who, lacking the spark of genius himself, dies that it may not be extinguished in another. A tour de force if ever there was one, touching and unforgettable. The so-called Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences overlooked Mr. Howard's *Of Human Bondage*; if it fails to recognise his work in *The Petrified Forest* it will be making itself even more ridiculous.

Bette Davis, too, is better than I have ever seen her. Her rôle is nothing like so difficult as Howard's—indeed, any one of a score of young women could probably have played it just as effectively, whereas I can think of no other actor in the world who could have come within a mile of Mr. Howard. A good, sound performance, nevertheless. There is also a brilliant portrait of a gunman by a newcomer, Humphrey Bogart, who presumably comes from Broadway. He is a player of rare force and personality, who must not be allowed to escape.

OTHER new films are undistinguished. Brian Desmond Hurst, a young British director whose previous experience has been confined to a couple of arty productions, *The Tell-Tale Heart* and *Riders to the Sea*, has made a good, workmanlike job of *Ourselves Alone*, a melodrama of the civil war in Ireland. (It has one of the best tag lines I ever heard.) John Boles is exposed to gun-fire, fever, torture, and other unpleasantnesses in *A Message to Garcia*, with Wallace Beery as a roughneck marine minus heart of gold and Barbara Stanwyck as the heroine. And I thoroughly enjoyed *Early to Bed*, an unpretentious, expertly made little comedy starring those fine artists, Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland.

"Early to Bed"

Charles Ruggles is perfect as the bridegroom whose honeymoon was postponed twenty years because he sleep-walked. Mary Boland plays opposite him. This absurd comedy was at the Plaza last week and is worth following round if you missed it there

"Love Before Breakfast"

The critics didn't agree about "Love Before Breakfast," which was put on at the New Gallery last week. Preston Foster and Carole Lombard are the quarrelling couple and they act extremely well, particularly Miss Lombard as a wise-cracking hard-boiled, hard-hearted young woman whose mistreatment of her young man makes the comedy's story

Tullio Carminati Sits in the Sun

Tullio Carminati went off to his native Italy when his English film-making schedule showed a holiday gap, and took a concentrated sun vacation on the Lido. He has now been chosen to play opposite Anna Neagle in her new Wilcox-directed picture, which is called, with startling originality, *On With the Dance*. Although he has been in films for twenty years, is a grand actor (he played leading parts for two seasons with Eleanora Duse), and has a screen personality that 's full of charm, it wasn't till he played Grace Moore's singing master in *One Night of Love* that he got a really big screen break. His stage career was mainly in Italy, but he has acted several times on Broadway, and once, five years ago, in London

Four Engagements

Bertram Park

Miss Diana Lambton

Diana Lambton is engaged to William Hedworth Williamson, of Whitburn Hall, Co. Durham, son of the late Frederick Williamson and Mrs. Williamson, of Cromer, Norfolk. She is twenty-two, the daughter of Brigadier-General the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Lambton, of Mortimer Hill, Berks., and is a keen racegoer, as befits George Lambton's niece

Houston Rogers

Miss Peta Davis

Was the debutante of her year, when she came out in '34; is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Davis, of 20, Cadogan Place; and is engaged to Anthony Stocker, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Stocker, of Craigwell Lodge, Aldwick, Bognor. He is stationed in India with the 13th/18th Hussars as A.D.C. to Lord Linlithgow

Fayer of Vienna

Miss Louise Domville

Louise Domville announced her engagement early in the year to Leslie MacKay, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas MacKay, of 49, Lowndes Square; she is the younger daughter of the late Sir James Domville, and Kathleen Lady Domville. Her sister Valerie married Robert Lea in March, and her own wedding is to be early in October

Lenare

Miss Sheilah Stephenson

Sheilah Stephenson is Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Stephenson's second daughter—her father is chairman of Woolworth's and owner of the cutter, Velsheda; she was presented at the Garden Receptions by Lady Carrick, and announced her engagement to Michael Sayers early this month; he 's the only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Sayers, of Coimbatore, Madras, South India

Mathilde Kchesinska

The Great Ballerina in Her Covent Garden "Danse Boyard"

Photographs by Anthony

Mathilde Kchesinska's appearance at Covent Garden with the de Basil Company was a great ballet occasion. She last danced there in 1911, and since those days all the glittering background of her brilliant career as prima ballerina absoluta of Imperialist Russia has vanished. It is impossible to believe Kchensinska is sixty-three, either off the stage or in the traditional character piece, "Danse Boyard," which she chose for her short solo. She and her husband, the Grand Duke Andrew, now live in Paris where she teaches ballerinas present and to come (Riabouchinska is one of her pupils). Before she went back last week, she gave the Vic-Wells ballet company their first lesson after their holiday; this was her contribution, and an extremely interesting one, to the Vic-Wells Five Year Plan to create a national school of ballet

On the Set

Elizabeth Cowell and Jasmine Bligh, the Television Girls, Have Been Heard But Not Seen

Miss Elizabeth Cowell

The Television Girls and

a Baird Television Set

Elizabeth Cowell and Jasmine Bligh have been on the B.B.C. staff since May, on six months' trial contracts. So far they have each been heard once or twice as announcers, but their lovely faces won't be sent over the air until the television service gets going in the autumn. Then they become "hostesses" at Alexandra Palace, taking turns, presumably, at looking after artists and speakers, and announcing programmes. The latter has to be done "by heart," and from behind the shattering television make-up of green eyelids, brown mouth, light yellow cheeks and dark yellow nose. Qualifications for the twin jobs that these two snatched away from a thousand or more longing applicants concern face, voice, deportment and temperament. Features must be well-modelled, voice must be low-pitched and microphonically easy to hear, deportment must be easy but dignified, temperament must be equable. Miss Bligh had already tried out her talents in small stage and film parts, and Miss Cowell had been a mannequin and camera model. Her home is in Cambridge, and she is twenty-three; Miss Bligh is a niece of the Earl of Darnley, and is a year younger than her co-hostess

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

Miss Jasmine Bligh

Gipsy Festival

The Annual Pilgrimage to Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer

Photographs by Schall, Paris

The Fair is Part of the Festival

Pilgrims' Camp

The Vigil in the Crypt

Below: the Younger Romany Generation

Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer, a small Provençal village on the Camargue marshland, is the gipsies' Mecca. In the fortress-like village church rest the relics of three saints, Mary Magdalene, Mary Salome, and Mary Jacobe, and their handmaiden Sarah, the patron saint of the Romany wanderers. Once at least in every gipsy's lifetime it is his duty to make the pilgrimage to Saintes-Maries, to honour Sarah and to touch the casket that encloses the miracle-working relics. The festival for which the pilgrims gather takes place at the end of May, and for a few days hundreds and hundreds of gipsies from all over Europe fuse into one people in the melting-pot of their huge camp at the mouth of the Rhone. Dressed in their multi-coloured best, eyes and teeth and gaudy jewellery flashing, they flock to the little church for the service which culminates in the lowering from the roof of the precious casket. Many of them hold vigil all night before the statue of Sarah, about which they have lit scores of candles and laid their offerings of money and trinkets and flowers. Next day the Saintes Maries are taken from the church to the sea in a procession which the Archbishop of Aix usually leads. The statues are placed in a boat, and the legend of the Saints' arrival by sea after their flight from the Holy Land is re-enacted. The sea is blessed, the gipsies' horses are blessed, and then the religious part of the festival is over. Dancing and bull-fighting and the wild sport of a gipsy fair fill the rest of the day; by next morning the camp has dwindled to half, and soon the marshland lies bare and lonely again, while the caravans trail away on their endless journeying

Lighting a Candle to Sarah, the Gipsies' Patron Saint

Two Bohemian Beauties

Below: the Gardiens, cowboys of the Camargue, carrying "feicherons," their chestnut-poled tridents, act as a guard of honour when the statues of the saints are carried down to the sea

Howard Coster

Victor Saville—Film Producer

Victor Saville has done more than most film directors to translate English comedy into screen terms. His style is slower than Hollywood's slickness and broader than Clair's satirical mordancy; he handles a comic situation with genuine native humour. *Sunshine Susie* and *Love On Wheels* are good examples among his long list of successes. Since *A Warm Corner* in 1930, when he directed Leslie Henson, he has dealt with many of the best British comic actors—Jack Hulbert and Gordon Harker among them. Light comedies aren't his only medium; he has made good thrillers like *Friday the Thirteenth* and *I Was a Spy*, historical dramas in the grand manner like *The Dictator*, and that semi-classic of Priestley's, *The Good Companions*. All these were Gaumont-British pictures. Now Saville is at Denham producing for London Films; he has already made Jessie Matthews' brand-new vehicle, *It's Love Again*; is at work on *Dark Journey*, with Miriam Hopkins and Conrad Veidt, and is scheduled to produce Bridie's *Storm in a Teacup*. He was born in Birmingham and is not yet forty

"Bystander" Short Story No. 48

The Bubble: By Basset Scott

ALL this happened years ago—before the war, in fact, and the three people concerned in the story are dead. Philip was sniped just before the Second Battle of Ypres, and Evelyn and George went down in the Lusitania. Evelyn refused a place in the last boat, they said, and I believe it. She was like that. So I 'm not hurting anyone with this yarn, and it 's such a dam rum one it oughtn't to be buried with me.

I often used to wonder how a girl like Evelyn could stick to a chap like Philip Avon. He was handsome in a florid sort of way, but otherwise he was the essence of mediocrity. His golf handicap was ten, and it wouldn't be unfair to say that that figure represented his form at everything else in life, including his job, which was acting. But the real trouble was there was never a day when he could play down to scratch. He couldn't pull out the big thing on occasion—it just wasn't there to pull. And with it all went the most colossal and perfectly childish vanity. It wasn't conceit—I don't think he thought he was anything wonderful, but he couldn't bear a hint from anybody else that he wasn't. And when he did bring off anything, he was just like a kid that 's won third prize in the long jump under ten.

Evelyn was a lovely person—inside as well as out—and about a million times too good for Philip. She was very generous and impulsive, but always patient with him—much too patient, I thought. I was her oldest friend, and I remember once I took my courage in my hands and put it to her plainly. I said:

"I can't understand you, Evelyn. I don't believe you care a damn for him really, and yet—you 've stood behind him for years—told him what to do, and when and how to do it—pushed him on from one little success to another. They haven't meant anything to you, have they?"

She wasn't angry. She looked at me a bit funnily for a moment, and then she said:

"Of course not, but they mean a lot to him, and I like to help him to them, I do really. It 's pitiful, but they do make him happy, and you know, Dick, he has tried to make me happy. He does love me—within his limitations. I can't forget that."

"Damn big limitations," I suggested.

"Perhaps not so big as you think," she replied. "He does have ideals, and he does try to live up to them, and he 's not a fool at his job—he understands it, and he 's never amateurish. I 'd do anything to see him make a big hit."

I didn't take much notice of those last words at the time, but I remembered them afterwards.

"That 's all very well, Evelyn," I told her, "but love and ideals and your job—they don't make up married life. They 're the big things—it 's the little daily things that count when it comes to a question of sticking it, and how you can stick Phil's little things year in and year out is what beats me."

"It beats me sometimes," she admitted. "One day, perhaps he 'll go too far, and then I shall break out. But I shan't if I can help it. I owe him something, you know."

I couldn't see what the devil she owed him except a pain in the neck whenever he made a fool of himself in public. But I dried up. After all, I 'd said more than you could say to most women without their hating you for it. But Evelyn was not an ordinary woman—far from it.

IT was a few months after this that I heard Philip had been given the star part in a new play George Cautley was going to produce at the Marlborough. I was surprised. It was straight comedy, and that was Phil's line, but though, as Evelyn had said, he was by no means a fool at his job, I simply couldn't see him creating a big part. However, George knew his own business, if anybody did. Both he and the author, Arthur Morley, were great pals of Evelyn's, and Morley had been to school with Philip, but I didn't suppose that had made any difference. Business is business on the stage as much as anywhere else, except perhaps for the chorus, and then it 's still business, if you see what I mean. So I left it at that. I was going abroad for a few weeks, but I sent Evelyn some flowers and a line of congratulation, and told her I 'd be back for the opening night.

I was, but it was a near thing. I got to Victoria just in time to dress, snatch a bite of dinner, and reach the theatre as the curtain went up for the first act. It was an amusing piece. Arthur's dialogue was as witty as ever, Margaret Vandyck was charming, of course, and Phil was acting better than I 'd ever seen him, but it was evident that the whole thing was working up to one big scene in the third act, and the play would stand or fall by that. I couldn't see Evelyn anywhere, so, at the end of the second act I went to Phil's dressing-room, expecting to find her there. But there were only Phil and his dresser.

"Hullo, old boy," I said, "congratulations—jolly fine show."

"Do you think so?" he said gloomily. He was evidently pretty nervy, which was unusual with him.

"Of course it is," I told him, "it 's going like hot cakes. Where 's Evelyn?"

"She isn't here, curse it," he growled. "(You can go, Fred, I shan't want you again yet.) I wish to God she were," he went on. "She knows perfectly well she 's my mascot, and then she lets me down like this. My first big first night, and just because her mother has a heart attack, she goes buzzing-off to the other end of nowhere and leaves me to put it through alone. My career ought to come first. And Arthur, too—sends round this afternoon to say he 's got mumps or shingles or some dam silly thing, and can't be here. I say, Dick, how *did* those two acts go—honestly?"

"They were awfully good," I said. "I mean it. You were fine in the cocktail scene."

He groaned.

"That means you think I was putrid

Sketch by Clark Fay

"Nobody said a word, and in the silence we heard roar after roar of applause"

The Bubble *(Concluded from page 205)*

everywhere else. Why not say so right out ? "

" Rot," I said. " You were perfectly O.K. all through."

He groaned again—his nerves were absolutely on edge.

" Oh, yes—I know I didn't muck it. ' Perfectly O.K.' is the ordinary man's translation of what the papers call ' quietly competent acting.' Dick, I 've been called a quietly competent actor for ten years, and if I don't put it across to-night, that 's what I shall be called for the rest of my life."

" You want to put more pep into it, Phil," I told him. " Ginger it up and let yourself go—that 's all."

" That 's all," he sneered, " oh, yes, that 's all ! You ought to be a dramatic critic—you 've got everything but the style. Tell me now, out of your superior knowledge—*how* does a man look, *how* does a man act, when he 's suddenly told that his wife 's gone off with his best friend ? Because *that 's* how I 've got to look, and *that 's* how I 've got to act when I go on in the next act. It 's the big moment of the play, and it 's my chance—my last chance—to show what I can really do."

" And you 'll take it," I said.

He went right on as if I hadn't spoken, striding up and down the room and talking to himself now.

" It isn't what I say that counts—I 'm stammering incoherences half the time. It 's *how* I stammer—how I sit or stand or move—my hands, my feet, my lips, my eyes, yes, my eyebrows even—all that 's what 's going to count. I 've got to make every man and woman in the audience sit up and think, ' My God, that chap 's had a knock-out.' I 've got to wrench their squiggly little souls out of their fat bodies for one minute, and hold them there—gasping ! Yes, I 've . . . "

" And that 's what you 're going to do, old man," said a voice. It was George Cautley. Old Phil had been making such a row we hadn't heard him come in.

GEORGE was rather a queer bird—dark, very quiet, and extraordinarily young to be one of the most successful men in his profession. I once heard a woman talk of his " attractive ugliness," and another said she felt he always knew her thoughts and she never knew his.

" Yes," he repeated, " that 's what you 're going to do. I shouldn't have given you the part, should I, if I hadn't known you could pull it off ? "

Philip answered to that like a colt to the spur.

" Of course I shall pull it off," he boasted. " I was only feeling a bit nervy for the minute. Anyone can be nervy on a first night, can't they ? I shan't let you down, George, don't you be afraid."

The call-boy knocked just then, and George said : " That 's all right then. Good luck. I must go."

He 'd hardly gone when Fred came in and handed Phil a sheet of paper.

" This telegram has just come on the 'phone for you, Mr. Avon," he said.

" From Evelyn, I bet," said Phil, and he read it out.

" *Gone with Arthur. He can give me what you never could. Good-bye.—Evelyn.*"

He stared at the paper uncomprehendingly.

" Gone where with Arthur ? What does it all mean ? "

Suddenly he burst out :

" What the bloody hell does it all mean ? " he shouted. " What couldn't I give her that blasted swine could ? Damn him ! Damn his soul ! Bloody traitor ! "

And then he collapsed.

" Oh, God, Dick, she 's left me—left me for my best friend—twenty years—we were at school together. What can he give her ? I 'm as good a man as he is—as good a man as he is—any day of the week."

He sat with his face buried in his hands, and when the call-boy knocked again he didn't even look up.

" Fred," he said, " go and tell Mr. Cautley I can't go on. Say I 've had a telegram—bad news."

And then I had an inspiration.

" Stop, Fred," I said, " don't go. Phil, you *must* go on. Good God, man, don't you see ? It 's your chance. What were we talking about five minutes ago ? What have you got to be on the stage ? A man deserted, betrayed, dishonoured ! What are you ? Just that. You haven't got to think about how to act now. You 're *it* ! Can't you see ? "

He said slowly : " And you expect me to make profit out of my own dishonour ? "

It looked pretty desperate, but I thought I 'd have one more try.

" If you won't do it for your own sake," I said, " you must for Cautley's. Man-alive, are you going to let him down ? Didn't he put his faith in you ? Didn't he back it with a chance no one else would give you ? You *can't* let him down, Phil, you know you can't. Some men might, but not you—you 're not built that way." That got him. He jumped up.

" You 're right, Dick, I won't. No, damn it, nobody shall say *I* didn't play the game."

" You ought to be on in a minute, Mr. Avon," said Fred. " Shall I take the wire ? "

Phil had still got it in his hand. He looked at it again, and I thought for a second he was going to break down. But he handed it to Fred and went out without another word.

Fred and I looked at each other. There didn't seem to be anything to say. Presently Fred went out, and I sat there thinking. The last thing I wanted was to go back to my seat and watch poor old Phil. And then the door opened, and in walked Evelyn !

" Hullo, Dick ! " she said, " so you did get back in time."

I jumped to my feet and stared at her. Then I mumbled something about a telegram.

" It was a fake," she said coolly. " How did Phil take it ? "

I said stupidly : " How do you mean—a fake ? "

" A fake," she repeated impatiently. " I had the idea this morning. To make him feel actually what he 's supposed to be feeling when he goes on. I fixed it up with Fred. I don't know if it 'll do any good, but it might—it 's a chance, anyhow."

That was Evelyn all over. " It 's a chance "—all right, snap it up—and never thinking of the other chance, which I suppose would have come off if I hadn't happened to be there, the chance of his curling up and refusing to go on at all.

" Oh, don't stand there staring," she cried. " I 'm asking you how he took it."

" He took the knock all right," I said slowly, " looked like death when he went on. But, Evelyn . . ."

Fred rushed in.

" Mr. Avon has just come off, Ma'am, he 'll be here in a minute."

" How did it go, Fred ? " asked Evelyn. " How were they liking it ? "

Old Fred looked at her queerly.

" So far as I could judge, Ma'am, they was what Mr. Cautley calls h'eating it. The applause was prolonged and h'unrestrained."

" Good," said Evelyn calmly. Fred went out and Evelyn sat down in a corner. When Phil came in a moment later, he didn't see her.

Phil was still looking awful.

" Triumph, Dick," he said, with a sort of groan. " Triumph ! And it 's too late."

HE sat down with his chin in his hands, and stared in front of him. After a moment, Evelyn said very quietly :

" Why 's it too late, Phil ? "

Phil leaped up with a shout.

" Evelyn ! My God ! Evelyn ! "

She came across to him.

" My dear old silly—don't you understand ? "

He seized her hands.

" No, I don't, I can't—that wire . . ."

" It was a fake, my dear. I got Fred to write it out here and give it you at the right moment. Why, I shouldn't be here, should I, if it were true ? "

" A fake ! But why ? Was it meant for a joke ? It seems rather a cruel one for me if it was—rather pointless too."

" Not pointless, Phil, and not a joke either. Tell me, darling, how did it go on the stage just now ? "

Phil was looking quite himself again, and he said jauntily :

" From the way they were shouting when I went off I should think Margaret is having some difficulty in getting the act finished. Oh, I knocked them properly, darling, but no more than I expected. I always thought I had that scene absolutely taped. You know, Evie, I don't often boast, but just for once I don't mind saying I was *great*—not just first-class, but really *great.*"

" Oh," said Evelyn, with a funny note in her voice, " that 's grand, isn't it ? And you don't think the telegram had anything to do with it ? "

Phil laughed.

" That telegram ? Why should it ? But now I come to think of it, it might have put me clean off my stroke—would have, some men. You 'll have to give me an explanation of that damned wire, some time, Evie. I don't understand it, and I don't like it."

" You didn't believe it, Phil, did you ? Not even for a moment ? "

" Believe it ! " said Phil laughing again. " Believe that you 'd left me for Arthur ! My dear Evie ! My own dear little girl, d' you think I don't know how much you love me—how proud you are of my successes ? And, my God, darling, you 've got something to be proud of to-night. But that wire was a dam silly thing—might have mucked everything and not only for me. What about poor old George ? "

" Yes," said Evelyn slowly. " What about poor old George ? "

" Why, if anything had stopped me pulling it off to-night, George would have been done in. Those ten minutes of mine are simply the making of the play. He 'd have lost thousands—literally thousands. We ought to run eighteen months at least, and America will simply eat it. Oh, yes, George knew what he was doing when he picked on me for the part. But I 'm glad I 'm going to make some money for him—he 's not a bad sort old George, even if he has got his eye a bit too much on the boodle."

I heard Evelyn give a sort of gasp. I looked at her, and saw she was trembling, literally trembling, from head to foot. And I never knew before that eyes could really blaze. I heard her say beneath her breath :

" My God, it 's too much," and then aloud, but still quietly, " Phil, do you know why George gave you this part ? "

" Why ? " said Phil easily ; he was pouring himself a whisky-and-soda. " Why, because he had the sense to see—wasn't that what I was saying just now ? Because he saw the part was made for me—because he knew I could get every ounce out of it."

" You think so, do you ? " said Evelyn between her teeth. " Well, think again, you fool, think again."

Phil turned round at that, and looked at her. She wasn't a pleasant sight.

" What—what do you mean ? " he stammered. " Think of what ? George is . . ."

Evelyn's voice cut in like a knife :

" George is my lover—my lover—you fool—you damned fool."

Phil stood staring at her without saying a word. And at that moment Fred rushed in.

" Mr. Avon, they 're shouting for you—the whole house Come on, Sir ! "

Nobody said a word, and in the silence we heard roar after roar of applause come thundering up from the house. Phil's face changed. He looked at Fred, he looked again at Evelyn, and then he turned and dashed out of the door.

" Good luck to him," said Evelyn softly.

THE END

Miss Eve Drummond

Miss Bridget Fetherstonhaugh

Miss Angela Mitchell

Debutantes' Gallery

The Ninth Selection From the 1936 List

Miss Rosemary Evans

Miss Valerie Stafford-Robinson

• ***Eve Drummond*** *is the daughter of Mr. George Drummond; they live at Pitsford Hall, Northampton, which the King made his headquarters when he first hunted in the Shires* • ***Bridget Fetherstonhaugh*** *is the only daughter of Brigadier William Albany Fetherstonhaugh, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., and Mrs. Albany Fetherstonhaugh, of Homewood, Esher, Surrey* • ***Angela Mitchell*** *is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. James Mitchell, of 2, Mansfield Street, W.1; she had a dance two weeks back* • ***Rosemary Evans*** *was presented by her mother at the first garden-party; she is Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. W. Evans' daughter; they live at Roehampton* • ***Valerie Stafford-Robinson*** *is the daughter of the late Major Noel Stafford-Robinson, R.F.A., and Mrs. Stafford-Robinson, of Narrow Water, Burley, Hants., and a granddaughter of the late Sir John Johnston* • ***Felicity Rigg*** *is eighteen, has been round the world, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rigg, of Addington House, Hampstead, and Steeple Morden, Cambs.* • ***Patricia Instone*** *is Sir Samuel and Lady Instone's fourth daughter; came back from Paris, where she is studying interior decoration, to be presented by her mother*

Miss Felicity Rigg

Miss Patricia Instone

Photographs by Bassano, Lenare, Catherine Bell, Bertram Park and Olga Baswitz

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Behind the Scenes: By Alan Thomas

In *There's a Porpoise Close Behind Us* (Arthur Barker; 7*s.* 6*d.*), Mr. Noel Langley lays about him with a vengeance. His arena is the theatre world, and he spares no one, from the managers "to whom a play in manuscript is no more intelligible than an Urdu chant for four voices and a male choir (and to whom all Urdu is Urdu)," to the young men who slide into jobs "on their stomachs." The story concerns two charming young people, Diana Shand and Robin Gardner, who aspire to go on the stage. The utter futility of seeking a job as an actor (for every actor in a job, are there not seventy out of one?) drove Robin to try his hand at writing a play himself. Aided by an inborn sense of the theatre and enthusiastic encouragement from Diana, he wrote *Soft Laughter*, a play that was probably as good as most but might never have seen the light had it not fallen under the eye of one Garstin Bannock, a gentleman whom I do not hesitate to name as one of the nastiest pieces of work ever created. Moreover, *Soft Laughter* was not alone in catching Garstin's eye. Diana also had that misfortune. Robin Gardner likewise had bad luck. He, poor fellow, aroused an uncontrollable passion in the breast of a leading actor named Douglas Middleton whom Lottie Osgood, the American backer of the play, was not far wrong in describing as a "double-crossing, sex-soused son of an Argentine banjo-player." In such nauseating and powerful cross-currents, the wonder was that Diana and Robin ever managed to survive. But in the end they scored a riotous success and are now, we are told, safely under contract in Hollywood. Good luck to them!

In spite of the unpleasantnesses, which are an integral part of the theme, I recommend this book to all who like a good story, wittily told. But if you find Garstin, Middleton, Flossie Carter, and Co. too utterly revolting—well, don't say I didn't warn you. You will at all events get a lot of fun out of Lottie and those twin sharks of theatrical production, Philip Meadowsweet (née Slenkovitch) and James Ralph Angusson (née Cohen).

"Know Ourville and know the world" is the invitation issued by Mr. Lee Shippey in his book, *Where Nothing Ever Happens* (Harrap; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Although he has lived and worked in Chicago, Montreal, Mexico City, San Francisco, New York, Paris, and London, never till he settled in Ourville, a Californian village with a population of less than a thousand, did he learn what life is and what people are. "A small town is a show-case of human nature." Nothing was hid and no secret could be kept. The Witch Woman whose home was burnt by the mob; Charity Bascom and Susan Berkeley, rival huntresses in the chase for Hasbrook Morton, the rich man who fled to Ourville in order to escape his past; the musical prodigy whose recitals had been reviewed in Chicago, New York, and Boston papers but who was a flop in his own home town; Lola, a dazzling creature with black hair and eyes, "the latter as big as turkey eggs," whose treachery led to a first-class murder mystery—we meet them all in the place where nothing ever happens.

Mr. Lee Shippey's writing is seasoned with a gentle irony and laced with wise cracks. I think I could have told he was a journalist. And the moral of his story is that for seeing the world and knowing people there's no place like home.

"Every road is a book, and this is a book—or one of a series of books—about every road." So writes the Rt. Hon. Leslie Hore-Belisha in his preface to Vol. I. of *The National Road Book*, by R. T. Lang (Methuen; 10*s.* 6*d.*). The primary intention of this book is to be a Good Companion of the Road. It has been compiled by a man who has "travelled every road and endeavoured to look at it with the eyes of the stranger-tourist," and it is a mine of information on every subject that can conceivably be of interest to those who use the roads of England. It is completely indexed, contains a folding map as well as forty-eight illustrations, and is obviously destined to become an indispensable vade-mecum for pedestrian and motorist alike. If this is not, as the author remarks, a bedside book, it is at all events the perfect roadside book. This particular volume covers the South of England. Four other volumes will complete the set.

Mr. Dennis Wheatley ushers in what is described as a new era in crime fiction by "presenting" a murder mystery, planned by J. G. Links and entitled *Murder Off Miami* (Hutchinson; 3*s.* 6*d.*). The presentation consists in laying the documents and other evidence before the reader in their original form. Thus on opening the book—or rather, the dossier—you are confronted with a Western Union cablegram announcing that Bolitho Blane has committed suicide. The next document is a police memo, and after that follow reports from the Detective Officer in charge of the case, original letters, police photographs, a section of bloodstained curtain, an envelope containing a match, and another containing—horresco referens—combings of human hair. Having examined the evidence, you arrive at a sealed section inscribed with the words: "Do not break this strip until you have decided, on the evidence submitted, who murdered Bolitho Blane." I confess at once that I broke the seal before I had made up my mind who the culprit was, and having broken it, I here and now record my admiration for Lieutenant John Milton Schwab, of the Florida Police, who solved the mystery purely on the evidence submitted. You're a better man than I am, Milton Schwab.

But I enjoyed examining these exhibits (why, by the way, is the postcard from Mr. Hayashi not addressed to Bolitho Blane—as we are told it is in the police report?), and Mr. Wheatley and all his collaborators—including the printer, who says that the collation of this dossier nearly drove him mad—are to be congratulated on launching an original and amusing idea.

While we are on detective stories I take the opportunity of recommending *Last Will and Testament*, by G. D. H. and M. Cole (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*), which describes a further episode in the career of Dr. Tancred; and *The Bath Mysteries*, by E. R. Punshon (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), who adds a quiet, ironic humour to his brilliant gift for setting problems and unravelling them. This is quite one of the best detective stories I have come across for a long time.

Noel Langley

Whose new novel, "There's a Porpoise Close Behind Us," is reviewed this week. It and his first book, "Cage Me a Peacock," were published by Arthur Barker, in whose garden Noel Langley was photographed. He has now gone to write stories for the films on a long-term Hollywood contract

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Lenare

The summer is passing, and autumn tweeds for Scotland and country wear in general are coming into prominence. There is an air of distinction about the ensemble on the right, designed by Woolland's, Knightsbridge, and made in their own workrooms. It is carried out in real Scotch homespun, and costs 15½ guineas complete. The cardigan suit is nigger brown with a multi-coloured fleck, and is admirably tailored in every respect. Inverted pleats lend width to the skirt, while the topcoat with a dog tooth check is cut with raglan shoulders, storm collar and large pockets. This firm are also making smart travel coats and capes at special mid-season prices, in a variety of beautiful tweeds

Arrayed in Satin and Lace

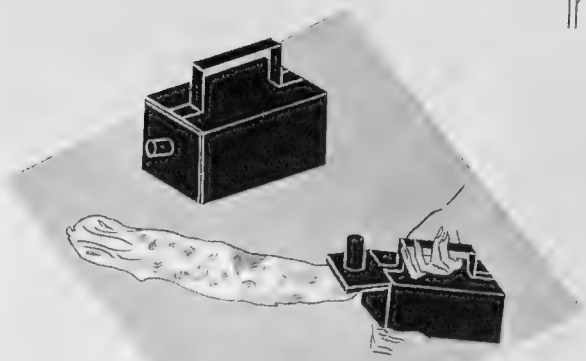
At one time it was considered a natural thing for a prospective bride to make all the lingerie pertaining to her trousseau, with the result that she spent long hours straining her eyes over fine embroidery. To-day, however, there is no need for this as it is possible to buy the most lovely "Celanese" lingerie which, to all intents and purposes, is hand-made. In other words, modern science has evolved a machine which can produce the finest stitches and hand-worked effects. Pictured above are vest and knickers in "Celanese" crêpe satin, enriched with needlerun lace, tinted a soft shade of écru

The nightgown on the left is also made in "Celanese" crêpe satin, trimmed with needlerun lace, and belongs to the same set as the vest and knickers above. It is, however, cut on the straight with tucks at the waist and a narrow sash, while the delicate peach bloom colouring provides an effective background for the écru lace, and is exceptionally becoming. Other shades include ivory, lagoon and nil. "Celanese" lingerie is sold by all houses of prestige, but should there be any difficulty, the name and address of the nearest agent will be sent on application to Celanese House, Hanover Square, W.

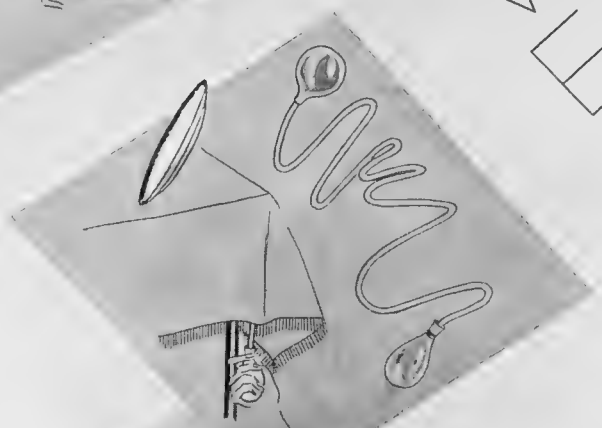
Photographs by Lenare

the bystander twins

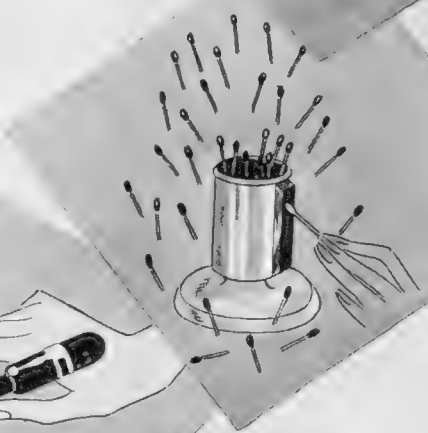
IN SEARCH OF NOVELTIES



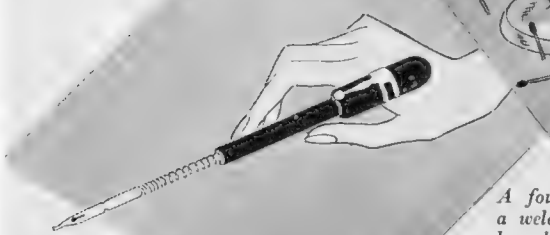
The Twins this week have spent all their time looking for humorous jokes for the holidays. In Gamage's, Holborn, they found a somewhat startling camera containing a snake which springs out every time a snapshot is taken



An old chestnut which never fails to amuse is the plate lifter on the right. A rubber bulb is concealed under the table cloth, and when inflated causes the object under which it is resting to move about in a mysterious manner



To the lay mind, the match-stand sketched on the left seems to be quite ordinary, but as soon as a light is struck, the whole contents are jerked up and scattered here, there and everywhere, much to the astonishment of the onlooker



A fountain pen is always a welcome gift, but imagine how disconcerted the recipient would feel if they found that any pressure caused the nib to spring out of control. The picture on the left shows what happens

Beware when your friends casually hand you a matchbox with an air of suppressed amusement, as it may suddenly explode in your face like the one sketched which has to be wound up with a small key

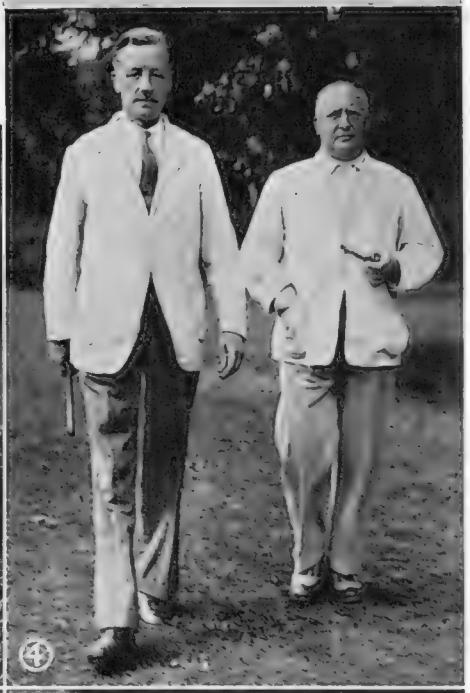
Everybody this season is wearing either a buttonhole or a mascot, and the rubber tulip pictured above is very realistic until a snake jumps out of the corolla. Mickey Mouse on the left is equally disconcerting, as he lavishes a shower bath on anyone who dares to touch him

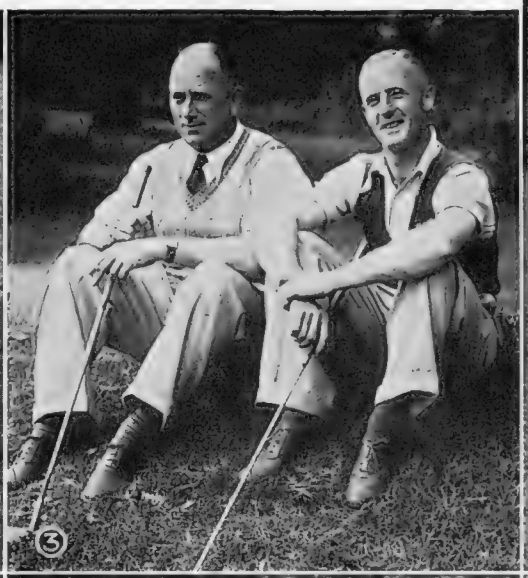
View of the Club-house

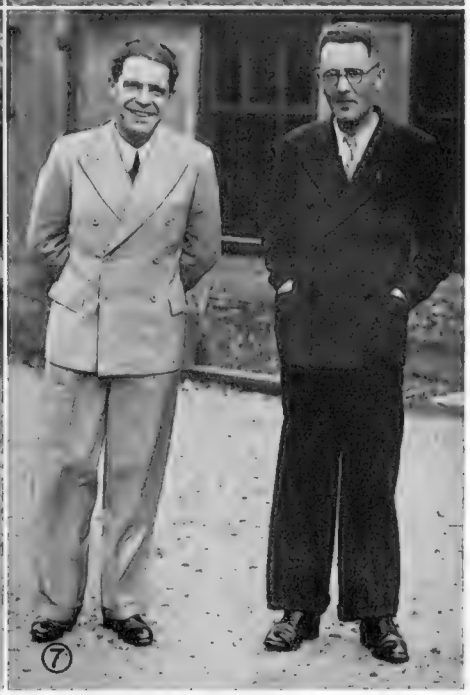
Golf Clubs at Home

Upminster, Essex

(1) C. Rich (secretary) and W. D. Key (director). (2) C. R. Macklin and C. Bray. (3) G. Whippy and F. F. Page. (4) F. M. Roome and W. O. Page (committee member). (5) P. Wheatley and E. G. Vandy. (6) C. W. Waldron and T. M. F. FitzGerald. (7) F. Short and Dr. T. R. Gordon







J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Great Stymie Question

THE Massachusetts Golf Association has decided that stymies will not be played in the major tournaments under its jurisdiction this year. Unfortunately, we have no information as to its procedure when a stymie is laid, but presumably the obstructing ball is to be lifted and replaced after the other ball has been played. For very many years now, there have been violent arguments for and against the stymie. Some years ago in the United States of America players when stymied were allowed to have the obstructing ball lifted if they were prepared to concede its owner the putt. This rule apparently did not meet with universal approval, as it only had a very short life. In a golf club-house, on a dull wet, day when play is impossible or unpleasant, if you wish to start a general discussion in which everyone present will give his views in a most emphatic manner, you have only to start an argument whether the stymie should be retained or done away with. You will also find the majority of those against the stymie are people who have lately lost a match through being laid one.

Of course, there are sound arguments both for and against it. The chief argument against it is that a stymie often benefits a man who has played a bad shot, and that it is very bad luck. Players can have very bad luck at the game of golf in numerous other ways, and we must remember that if we eliminate the element of luck there would be very few golfers. It would be extremely dull for A and B if, every time they played, A always won, and possibly A is very likely to win, but he does not always do so, because on some occasions he is unlucky, and on others his opponent is fortunate. Two players often hit good tee shots to within a few yards of each other, to find when they get up to the balls, that one is lying perfectly, and the other cupped; and, again, when two balls are found within a few feet of each other in a hazard, one is often found lying well, and the other in a heel mark. You may argue that footprints in a bunker should be smoothed over, and you will be quite correct, but, unfortunately, in the excitement of the moment, players omit to fill in their footprints, and also in big competitions spectators on many occasions find it advantageous to take a short cut through a bunker, and when one does this he is usually followed by several others.

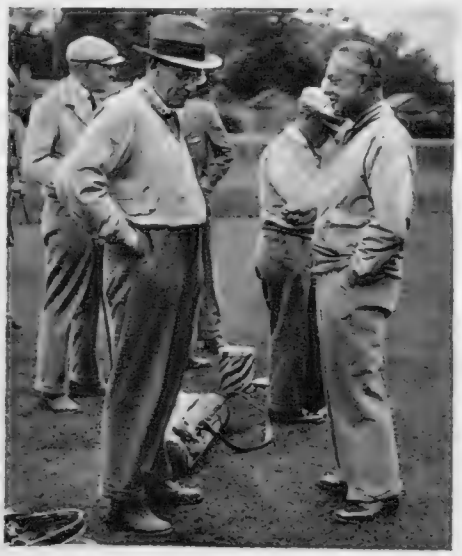
Some say that as there is so much luck in the game it is advisable to eliminate the element of luck as much as possible, and that this can be done to a certain extent by abolishing the stymie, but I personally think that to have a stymie laid against you is not such bad luck as to get a bad lie through the green.

AFTER all, it is possible to negotiate every type of stymie. Some stymies are easy to negotiate and others extremely difficult, but none are impossible. I know of players, who seldom miss, when they are stymied, by pitching over the obstructing ball, and this is really a very simple shot. If you go out and practice lofting stymies, you will find that it is easy to do, and that you seldom miss, but you will also find that when you have to loft one in a match you fail to do so, possibly because you are annoyed, but more likely because you look at the obstructing ball and not at the object ball. Other players, usually those who are good putters, can pull their ball round a stymie by hitting it off the nose of the club, or cut round it, by striking their ball off the heel. It always seems to me that players who are sufficiently skilful to play these shots should reap the rewards of their proficiency. You will often find golfers who tell you they have lost a match through being stymied, only to find on further enquiry that at the time their ball was about three yards from the hole, and consequently there was a great possibility of their missing the putt even if the other ball had not been in the way; and on many occasions, players blame a stymie for a missed putt when they have had ample room to hole their ball.

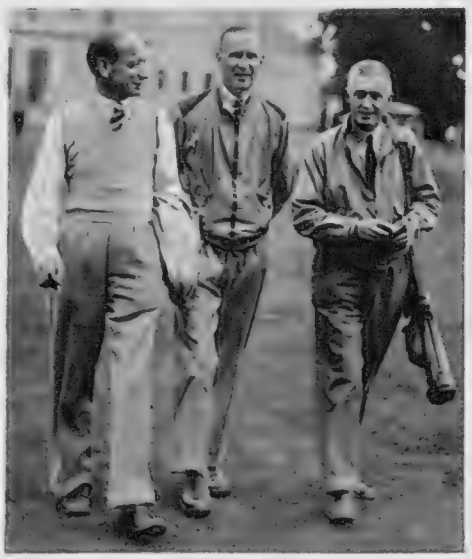
WHEN a stymie occurs in an important match, it is customary for many of those who write about the game to ask the most distinguished golfers present their views on the question of whether the stymie should be abolished or not, and I must say that most of those who are against the stymie seldom give good reasons for their decisions, or suggest a satisfactory alteration to the present rule. Cyril Tolley has lately stated that a stymie is generally the result of a bad shot, and is thoroughly deserved, and from this I think we can take it that Tolley is in favour of the present stymie rule being retained. These views of Tolley are particularly interesting, as probably no other man has suffered from stymies in big competitions as much as he has. If our Rules of Golf Committee had followed the example of the Massachusetts Golf Association it is extremely likely that at the present time Tolley would be the Amateur Champion and also the English Champion. At Deal he was stymied no less than three times in his match against Langley; and at St. Andrews he was stymied on the 19th green, after putting up the finest exhibition of fighting golf I have ever seen. In the latter match, Hill holed nine consecutive holes in 29. Tolley was also stymied on the 19th green when he was beaten very unluckily by Bobby Jones in the Amateur Championship at St. Andrews in 1930.

It is certainly important in the game of golf, and especially in match play, that the ball should be lifted as little as possible and it is obvious that, if any rule to abolish the stymie is made, there will be additional lifting and replacing of balls.

A. R. Lovelock (Moor Park) and J. W. Greenshields (Hendon) were two amongst a big gathering of golf club secretaries and greenkeepers at Slough and Stoke, guests of Messrs. Sutton and Sons

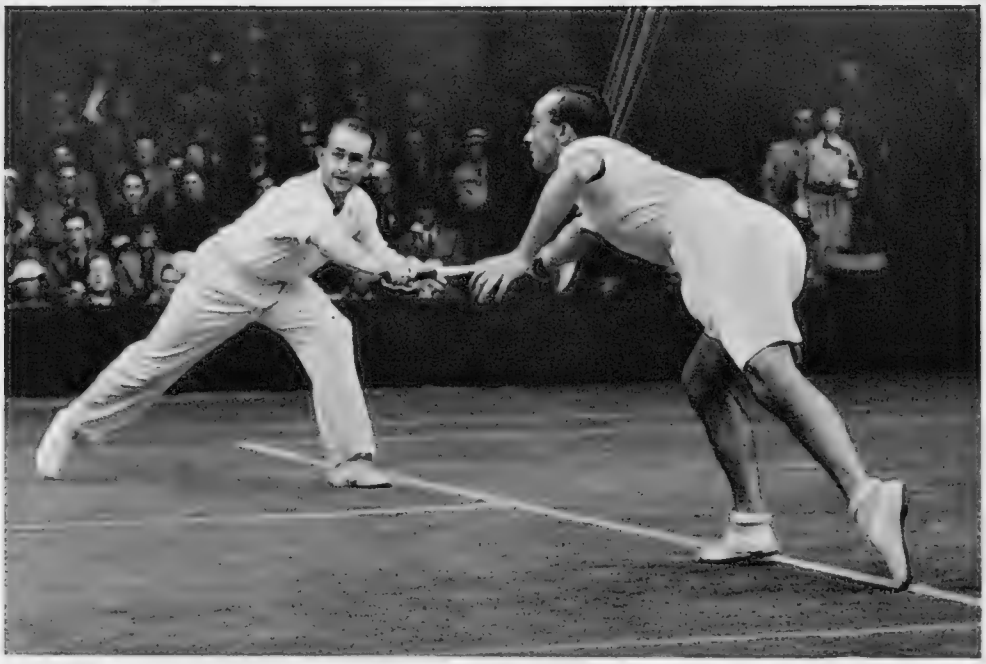


Paym. Comdr. R. H. D. Hicks, R.N. (West Byfleet) and Major D. Gaye (Beds.) played in the Stoke Poges tournament after Messrs. Sutton and Sons' invitation to view ideal greens at Slough



A. Jones and R. A. Winfield, two representatives from Kingsthorpe at the Sutton and Sons' party, and E. Goldsworthy (Ifield). Colonel Weddell and A. E. Berry, of Beaconsfield, won the tournament, returning a card of 35½

Mr. Martin Sutton gave the secretaries and greenkeepers an edifying lecture at Slough, with practical demonstration on model greens: in the picture are W. Price (Farnham) and J. Murray Brown (Frinton-on-Sea)



Yours, Partner"

Lawn tennis has slain its ten thousands this year; first of all Gottfried von Cramm pulled his ankle in the Championships final, then A. K. Quist was in crutches when due to meet the German pair in the Davis Cup inter-zone final (one of whom, Henkel, had only just come off the sick list); Quist's place was taken by J. H. Crawford, he and V. B. McGrath, despite lack of co-ordination in the picture, beat von Cramm and Henkel and helped make Australia eligible for the challenge round last Saturday

Mr. Burrows at Frinton

F. R. Burrows, the well-known Wimbledon umpire, has just retired. He was at the Frinton tournament which the wind nearly blew and the rain nearly washed away—only players with all-weather temperaments and tempers came through

Summer Sport

Edited by Howard Marshall

I DON'T know that I can promise any fresh sensations for you by the time you read these notes. We have had one or two recently, though I hardly think they deserved the head-line splashings they received. The little matter of the suspension of Mr. E. H. Tyrrell-Martin, England's polo captain, for example—was that, after all, so serious? Unfortunate, perhaps, but one of the passing incidents which are inevitable now and again when games are played whole-heartedly and at top speed.

Nervous tension—tempers frayed—momentary loss of control—that is the way of it. At Rugby football it happens quite often, and I 'll warrant that few players have gone through their Rugby careers without giving and taking the occasional clip on the jaw. I don't hold with it, mind you. I merely suggest that it is human nature, and that wise refereeing will smooth it over and soothe the angry beast.

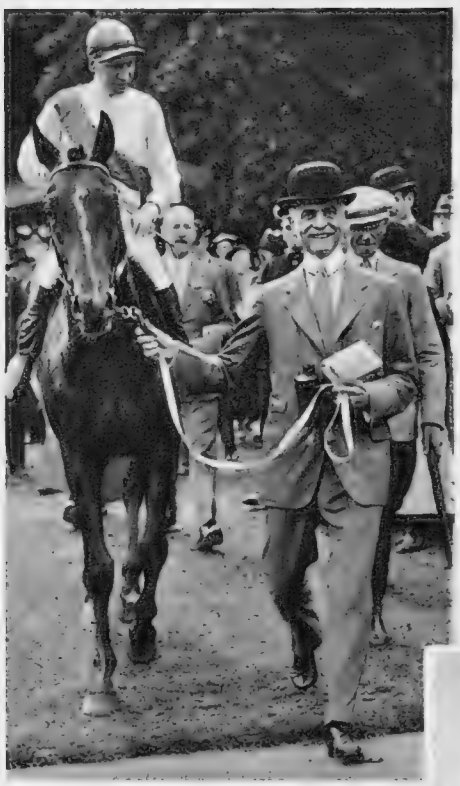
PERHAPS we may expect considerable nervous tension at the Olympic Games, but I do not believe, as some do, that the Games are therefore dangerous and harmful. They must, indeed, help to spread a healthy internationalism, particularly now that all the competitors live together in their specially built village at the stadium.

Possibly the critics of the games are justified in regarding the boxing with some apprehension. There have been incidents during the boxing contests before now. Let us hope, however, that no precedent has been created. This year the boxing entries have broken all records. Thirty-eight nations will be represented by 246 boxers, a formidable thought. Even more formidable, from my point of view, is the fact that I shall have to watch all these gentlemen knocking one another about.

VERY few of the entrants, as it happens, have had experience of international championships. There is only one Olympic champion defending his title—Guillermo Lovell, the Argentine heavyweight, who won at Los Angeles in 1932.

Some of our best amateurs have turned professional—men like G. J. Brennan and Pat Palmer—and it is only natural, I suppose, that an Olympic title should be regarded as a stepping stone to a professional career. With so many comparative newcomers in the ring, then, it is difficult to prophesy with any accuracy, though I would like to take a small bet that Zehetmayer, the European cruiser-weight champion, a fast, powerful Austrian, will win his class. I am afraid we have no one likely to stop him, anyway.

I 'LL have some more to say about the Games next week—by the time you read this I shall be on the point of entering a 'plane for Berlin. In the meanwhile, here is a point for reflection. However much we may fancy the chances of men like S. C. Wooderson, A. G. K. Brown,



Lord Astor's Eclipse Stakes

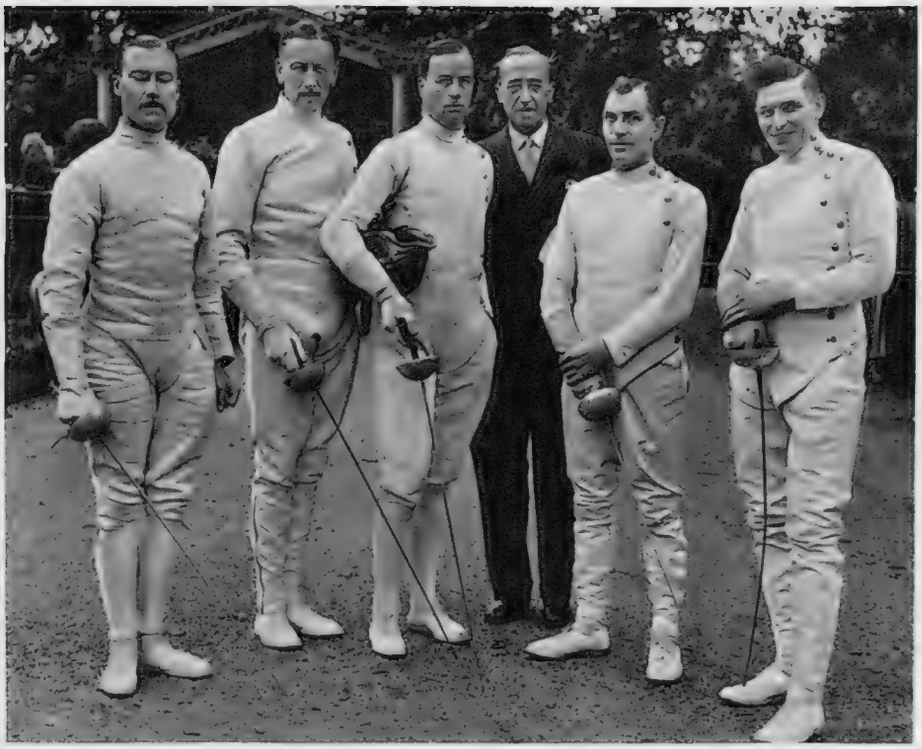
Many at Sandown Park for the Eclipse Stakes came to the conclusion that Lord Astor's bay colt Rhodes Scholar is the best of 1936 three-year-olds. Lord Astor is leading him in, with R. Dick up, after his easy win from His Grace

On Ryde Pier for the Coupe de France

Right: Miss Patricia Lowry Corry and Captain and Mrs. Arthur Paget, watched Mr. R. B. Worth's Severn II. successfully defend the Coupe de France against the French challenger, Ea II. (M. Emile Piquerez). Captain Paget is wearing his Royal Thames cap in the picture, as the race was sailed under that club's burgee

M.C.C. v. Lords and Commons

Lord Remnant, who made 72, and Mr. P. T. Eckersley (M.P. for Exchange, Manchester) opened for the Lords and Commons against the M.C.C. in a match that was left drawn



English Epée-ists, Olympic and Otherwise

The Epée Club team who beat a Stade Français team at Ranelagh by 26 points to 24, were C.-L. de Beaumont, Captain A. D. Craig, the Hon. Ian Campbell-Gray, J. C. Ellis and B. Childs. Of these, de Beaumont is captain of the British fencing team for the Olympic Games, and Campbell-Gray and Childs are members of it. The French team came to London for the All-England Fencing Club's International gala

D. O. Finlay and the rest, let us remember that for each event at the Games there are, roughly, sixty of the greatest athletes in the world entered. That should sober us down a bit when optimism takes the upper hand!

Now what else is in the air? Cricket, of course, with the second Test match just ended, and the Selectors, poor souls, taking their second bite at the Australian cherry. The more I think about this M.C.C. tour to Australia, the more I begin to fancy England's chances.

Optimism again, perhaps, but are these Australians really so formidable? The South Africans have a wholesome respect for them, even without Bradman, but that need not really worry us. I cannot believe that the Australian bowling is likely to be strong. We know all about Grimmett and O'Reilly—grand bowlers over here, but not so hot down under. And have the Australians any fast bowlers of real merit? If so, they have kept the fact a secret. I suggest that England will have a better bowling side, at least as good a fielding side, and pretty nearly as good a batting side, with Hammond as our answer to Bradman.

Perhaps captaincy will turn the trick, and here we have to reserve judgment about G. O. Allen. He will have a difficult job, opening England's bowling, and retaining enough energy of mind to direct tactics. We do know, at any rate, that he has the gift of inspiring his men, and I think he will be a success.

A tour of this sort is largely a matter of luck. If the right players find their form at once a team more or less picks itself, and the captain can shape his strategy accordingly, and weld his men together.

I think the Selectors will have to send both Gover and Farnes. Gover keeps pushing himself into the news with remarkable performances, and he is a great-hearted bowler, but I cannot help feeling that Farnes is the only genuine fast bowler we have, a real tear-away, with his great height and strength.

Finally, what about this golf ball controversy? Are our rulers to consider the expert or the rabbit? There is a talk of docking us of twenty or thirty yards of length, and as a rabbit, I resent the suggestion. Why should I be denied my full pleasure off the tee just because a handful of experts are making the game too easy? For 99 per cent. of us the game will never be easy, however resilient the ball is.

One more word, though—have you noticed that in the year of University sport just concluded with the tennis match at Lord's, Oxford have had numerically the better of the major contests? They have won Association football, cross-country, tennis and lawn tennis. Rugby football, rackets and hockey were drawn. Cambridge won the Boat Race, the sports and cricket—important victories, I grant you—but Oxford have not done so badly, after all.

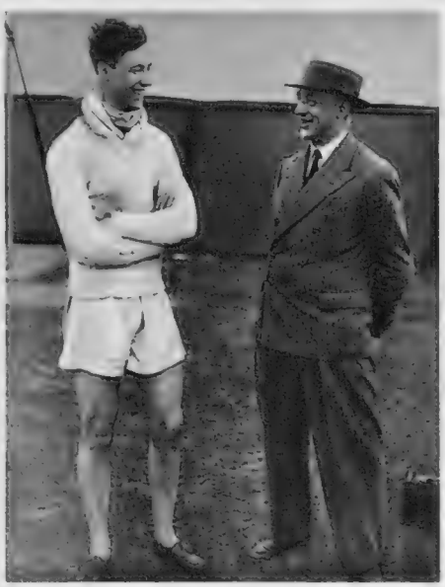
Certain members of Coombe Hill residing in the neighbourhood have acquired the shares in the Proprietary Syndicate. Steps are being taken to obtain an extension of the lease from the Malden Council. Alterations are being made to the Clubhouse especially in the kitchen and dressing-rooms, and many new advantages and amenities will also be secured to members.

Coombe Hill is one of the King's favourite courses and he plays there not infrequently.

The Coombe Wood Golf Club has been converted into a Members' Club, and a substantial extension of the lease has been obtained from the Malden Council.

Winners of a Revived Fixture

The Lords v. Commons polo match for the Harrington Cup has been revived after a lapse of eight years, a new trophy having been given. The Commons' team, which beat the Lords 5-2½: Lord Willoughby de Eresby, Lord Apsley, Lord W. Scott, and the Hon. Bill Astor



Father to Son

Captain F. A. M. Webster, himself an athlete of his day, was photographed with his son, F. R. Webster, at the Ponders End sports at Durants Park. Young Webster is Britain's only pole jump representative for Berlin

Wind and Rain Couldn't Daunt Frinton Players

Lady Sylvia Maitland was with her father, the Earl of Lauderdale, at Frinton; her brother, Lord Maitland, was one of several Cambridge players who lost to Oxford men—W. H. Earle beat him in the early rounds

Captain Buckmaster was with the Frinton lady captain, Mrs. C. F. Bland. Wind which turned hard drives into lobs and rain which made the Frinton courts sticky and soft were unable to damp Kay Stammers' threefold triumph

Mr. E. G. Contomichalos, Mlle. Jacqueline and Mlle. Livia Paravicini and Mr. A. J. Contomichalos made up a cosmopol-socialite group of brothers and sisters. Both the Contomichalos fell in the early rounds—E. G. to O. Wilson and A. J. to J. A. S. Collins

Tennis in the South and East

New Forest and Frinton Tournaments

The nineteenth annual lawn tennis tournament of the New Forest Club was held in not too good weather at Brockenhurst; Mr. Noel Sutton (committee) was with his fiancée, Miss A. Harper

Miss L. M. Archer and Miss I. B. Archer—twins—played at Brockenhurst, where Miss Dearman won the women's singles and H. G. N. Cooper won the men's singles; the women's doubles were eventually stopped by wind and rain

Lt.-Col. the Hon. Malcolm Bowes-Lyon, Lord Strathmore's brother, is a vice-president of the New Forest Club and Major R. C. Sloane-Stanley, J.P., is a member of the tournaments committee

This England . . .

Near Milton Abbas, Dorset.

IT TAKES, they say, three hundred years to make an English lawn (and nowhere else will you find such turf). Men and methods, too, mature slowly on this strong land—but they do it exceeding well. It is for this reason that a beer such as Worthington—slowly and carefully brewed in an age-long tradition—will always hold pride of place. And it is because this instinct for maturity is in the roots of your being, Englishman, you call Worthington "good beer."

Women's Golf

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Beeson were another successful pair at Ashridge—they took second aggregate prize. As Jean Forsyth, Mrs. Beeson used to come very near winning the Girls' Championship

The National Playing Fields Meeting at Ashridge

Miss Enid Wilson, the Hon. Michael Scott, Mr. Alec Hill and Miss Mervyn Barton all scored successes at the Ashridge Club's annual mixed open meeting in aid of the N.P.F.A. Miss Wilson and Mr. Hill won the Playing Fields' Trophy in spite of ceding four strokes to Bogey; Miss Barton and Mr. Scott took second handicap prize

Miss Kathleen Garnham (Walton-on-Naze) and Mr. A. S. G. Thompson (Aldeburgh) won the scratch prize in the Mixed foursomes on the Playing Fields meeting's second day. Miss Garnham also won the ladies' scratch prize

From All Over the Place

By Eleanor E. Helme

Dear Bystander—

I wonder if you would like me to retail all the entertaining gossip which a kind correspondent has been writing me from France, apropos the Thion de la Chaume mixed foursomes, Miss Lulu Esmond's engagement to the young Baron de Waldner, and so forth and so on? They, by the way, are to be married in October. The letters are extremely interesting, just as the golf must have been, and I like the attitude of the finalist in those Foursomes who, when they found all of a sudden that they only had to play an eighteen-hole final, instead of a thirty-six one, decided to make a gala night of it at the Casino and only play in the afternoon. Which they did so successfully, that they missed the bad weather. Miss Grace Amory and Captain Wilson got out in 37, Miss Diana Fishwick and General Critchley home in 36, and the latter won for the fourth successive time. Miss Amory's golf seems to have come on a lot, and she would appear to have acquired a fine disregard of British weather; she was up at Turnberry during the Scottish Championship, and nothing deterred her from sampling Ayrshire's courses. She will know Turnberry in advance for next year's Championship, just as Miss Minoprio will, she having been there too at the same time.

But what you must really be told first of all this week is good news about Ranelagh. I have had it officially from the Club that Bystander Autumn Foursomes, 1936, can and will be played there October 7th to 10th. That is fine. I know that sales are on, and that one can buy the best handkerchiefs incredibly cheap just now, but all the linen in Belfast would not mop up the tears which would be shed if these Foursomes could not be as heretofore at Ranelagh and Roehampton.

I cannot tell you anything more about the future of the beloved place, for the simple reason that I don't know; sufficient unto the Autumn are the Foursomes thereof, and the main thing is that one gallant two hundred and fifty-six will still be able to tee-up in front of the beautiful old clubhouse this year, and the other at Roehampton, to which they are quite equally attached.

But please do not let anybody think this is a suggestion they should enter now: everything in its place and time. For the present, Girls' Championship entries fill the bill, closing August 21st; Autumn Foursomes entrance form will appear on August 26th, and entries close September 18th.

Then I myself have really been in the midst of golf, instead of mountain solitudes this week, and so have first-hand impressions for you. Lady Brecknock's Parliamentary Foursomes at Moor Park ended in a win for Lady Knollys, whose putting was some of the most wizardly I have seen for a long time, and the Hon. Esmé Glyn, who gave five strokes and a beating by 5 and 4 to Lady Evelyn Patrick and Miss Rankine in the final. It was Lady Evelyn who began the putting habit, so that her side went away with a dash, but the others were not to be frightened, and 3, 4, 3 for 10th, 11th and 12th was a tide not to be stemmed. The course was in beautiful order.

So was Ashridge, for the National Playing Fields two days' do, over which Miss Cecil Leitch and Major Richardson and his wife always work so splendidly. That is a course which grows upon one more and more, and the way the meeting, too, has grown is well proved, since figures talk. The handicaps of the couples entering have gone down, and the receipts for N.P.F.A. have gone up. First year it was £60; the next £80; then £100; and this year even that was well passed. All one can say is, no wonder, for a better show, and a more tempting array of prizes for everybody would be hard to find. Nor would it be easy to find a better display of Mixed golf (the capital is essential, since the quality was good through and through) than Miss Enid Wilson and Mr. Alec Hill gave in the morning. They had to give bogey two strokes, bogey being the standard scratch score of 74, the tees pretty well stretched, run negligible, wind strong and cross grained. Yet they finished only one down, having got round in 74 all holed.

Miss Wilson did not attempt to hit hard, she knew herself to be short of practice, except for that glorious trip to Luxembourg, but she also knew she could leave everything safely to her partner. After all, a Walker Cup one can be trusted, and the wise do not keep a dog and do the barking themselves. She was, indeed, a model of all the Mixed virtues, and so was he. The putts would not drop in the afternoon, so that they returned six down, but the challenge cup is over 36 holes, and nobody could beat them, though the wise conditions which did not allow one card to take more than one prize distributed some of the goods elsewhere. The 36 scratch, for instance, went to Miss Kathleen Garnham (who had won the ladies' scratch the day before with 80) and Mr. A. S. G. Thompson, and the handicap to Mr. Jack Beeson and his wife who, as Miss Jean Forsyth, always looked like winning the Girls' Championship, but never quite did. The events were open to professionals as well as amateurs, and there was a lot of favourable comment on young Hancock, Ashridge's second assistant, who had holed the course in 63 in a friendly early in the week, and headed every list with 74 on the first day of the competition.

Yours ever, Eleanor E. Helme.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

JULY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

DISAPPEARANCE OF WELL-KNOWN COUPLE

SENSATION AT WEDDING

By the Gossip-Writer

The wedding of Mr. "Ginger" Beere (popular member of the famous old Schweppes family—whose title, by the way, dates from 1790) and Miss Goode-Ginn (that much married and high-spirited lady) was the event of the season. Mr. "Ginger" Beere, whom we all know to be hearty and refreshing under his stony exterior, was obviously well matched with Miss Ginn—a partnership which delighted the crowd so much that they cheered themselves hoarse. So unrestrained did they become, indeed, that the ceremony had a startling sequel. Several onlookers, athirst with enthusiasm, fell upon the couple and embraced them with tremendous gusto — in fact they literally engulfed them. A minute later the happy pair was nowhere to be seen and the crowd departed highly elated.

Schweppes

By Appointment

THE COLDER YOU DRINK IT, THE BETTER

Week-End Aérien

By Charles Ward

An Air Raid

LAST week-end at Heston was hectic. Nearly two hundred visitors from foreign parts arrived by invitation from British owner-pilots, the object being to make some small return for the extensive hospitality enjoyed on the Continent by our own people for many years past. There were pilots and passengers from all the nearer European countries, even from Spain; also from Egypt and the United States, though visitors from the last-named did not fly the Atlantic. The programme included a cocktail-party at the Royal Aero Club, visits to Oxford or Cambridge, with the additional incentive of a ride in a real English punt, a reception at Londonderry House, a tour of the playing fields of Eton, a banquet at Grosvenor House, the whole week-end winding up with lunch at Mr. Lindsay-Everard's aerodrome in Leicestershire. Amongst the distinguished guests were the Archduke Anton of Hapsburg, who is an aircraft designer and an owner-pilot; Prince Kinsky, president of the Austrian Aero Club; Prince and Princess Bibesco—he is president of the F.A.I., the organisation which controls sporting aviation throughout the world. Fräulein Elly Beinhorn, the leading German woman pilot, was due to join the party with her new husband, Herr B. Rosemayer, who is a well-known racing motorist. Kamal Eloui Bey was expected from Egypt and the Baron de Foucancourt with his wife, from Morocco.

Heston Records

AT the time of going to Press weather conditions were almost Q.B.I., but of course, our English summer may have arrived either on Saturday or Sunday last, in which case our visitors would have seen something of England by air. Whatever the weather, a very warm welcome awaited them, and it is to be hoped that a good time was enjoyed by all. Heston is well equipped to handle invasions of this type, though its hangar resources would not allow for every 'plane to be under cover at night. Most modern aircraft are quite weatherproof, so that a few nights in the open would not matter. General traffic at Heston during the first six months of this year has shown almost a twenty-five per cent. increase over the same period last year. Nearly 20,000 aircraft movements—take-offs or landings—were logged during the controlled period, and this number takes no account of School machines. More than 7000 people cleared Customs and there were 1422 departures or arrivals of air taxis. Heston ranks next to Croydon as the busiest airport in England.

Jumping Giros

RENEWED possibilities of a direct take-off from a small space were apparent last week at the demonstration given with an Autogiro. For some time it has been known that Señor de la Cierva had secured a form of vertical lift, but this had not been applied to the single-seater Autogiro built by Messrs. G. and J. Weir, of Glasgow. Its success opens up a new field. Here is an aircraft which can jump eight feet, sufficient to clear hedges and ditches, before proceeding forwards at a normal angle of climb. It carries petrol for 2½ hours' flight at 80 miles an hour, and will probably be sold for £500. To fly an Autogiro requires an entirely different technique from that needed for a fixed wing aeroplane, but there is no particular difficulty to encounter—merely that one has to go to school again for a few hours. There is an Autogiro School at Hanworth, and several of the clubs in different parts of the country provide such tuition. Air Commodore "Jimmy" Weir has taken a very large share in the development of this latest type, not only by subscribing hard cash, but as a technical adviser in charge of the design and construction of the single-seater model.

Meet America's latest air liner in miniature—The Crusader, with two Menasco engines totalling 340 horse-power, has a top speed of more than 200 miles an hour. Its range is 600 miles and it has seats for four

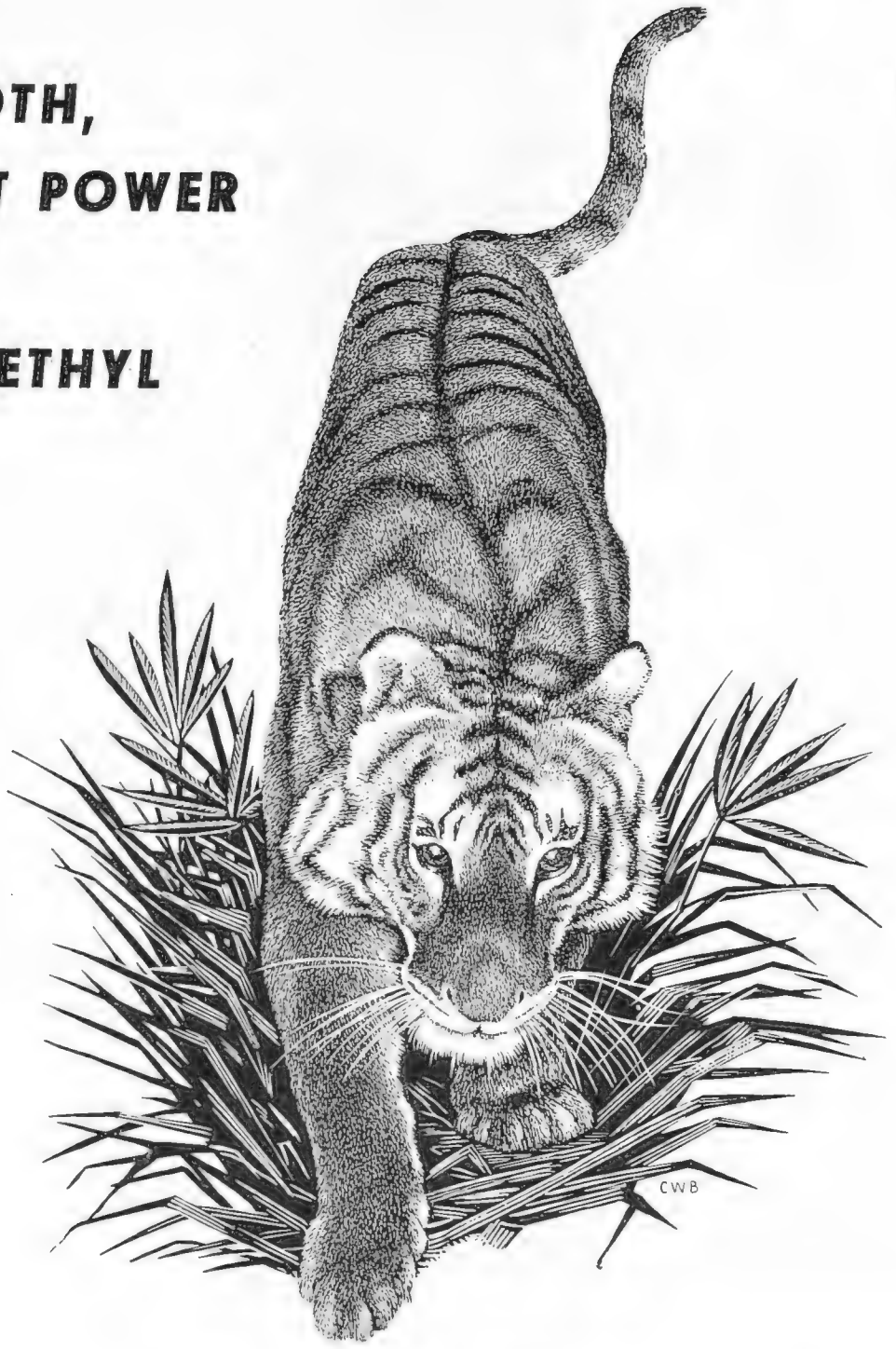
Empire Flying-Boats

TRIALS of the first of the Empire boats built by Short Brothers for Imperial Airways have proved that its performance is ahead of schedule, which is a remarkable tribute to the designers. Normal cruising speed, with twenty-four passengers and over three tons of mails and freight, is an easy 150 miles an hour. "Cavalier" the third boat of the series, is to be shipped to North America for the service between Bermuda and New York. This route is 800 miles in length, and its operation will provide the pilots and crew with very valuable experience for the Atlantic service which is to follow in a year or two's time. The "Mayo" transatlantic seaplane should be in the air at the beginning of September, and, when the tests of each component have been carried out separately, the two will be buttoned together for their first flight as a composite aircraft. With 5000 h.p. available at the take-off, the total load lifted by the two machines together will be equivalent to 11 lb. per horse-power, which is not excessive. The seaplane, or upper component, is to be named "Mercury," and will cruise at 165 miles an hour. A later development using a land-plane with a retractile chassis should make good a speed of at least 200 miles an hour—breakfast in London and supper in New York.

Charles E. Brown

Trouble in Paradise. An R.A.F. light bomber, patrolling over Nablus, where the Arabs have carried out a number of raids. Air reconnaissance has proved invaluable during the present unrest

SMOOTH, SILENT POWER ON ESSO ETHYL



Do petrols differ? Esso is the answer. It gives you a new experience in motoring—surging power, delightful acceleration, knockless performance, and a notable saving in your petrol bills. Esso Ethyl is the *only* petrol in which the supercharging Ethyl fluid is blended with the world's most advanced petrol, Esso.

For lubrication use Essolube motor oil

ESSO ETHYL

ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL CO. LTD., WESTMINSTER, S.W.1. *Established* 1888.

Cars with a Personality

The Six-Cylinder Riley "Adelphi": By The Earl of Cardigan

The six-cylinder Riley "Adelphi" is a car of very comfortable dimensions. It is interesting to note that, although the body space is ample, the radiator does not project over the front axle, and there is no doubt that the car's "lines," as a result of this, are more than ordinarily pleasing

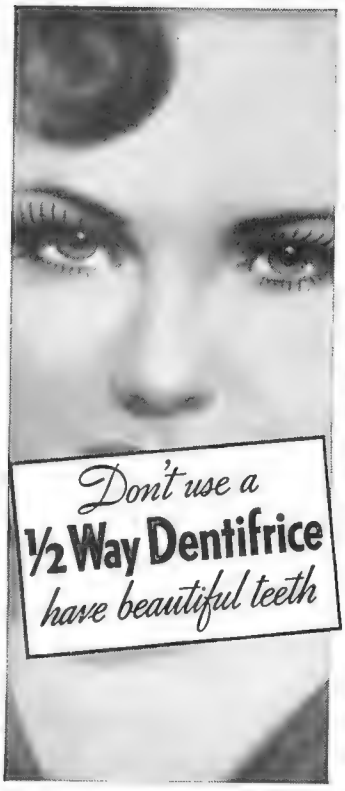
It is probable that the Riley is best known to motorists at large for its sporting, or semi-sporting qualities. It would be a mistake, however, to infer from this that there is any lack of less inspiring, but more homely characteristics. A Riley model such as the six-cylinder "Adelphi" is, on the contrary, a car of unusual comfort, with seating accommodation designed on a generous scale.

For 1936, the six-cylinder chassis has been made both longer and wider than before. Full advantage has been taken of the additional coachwork space, so that it is now possible for five people to be carried, with ample leg-room and elbow-room for all. The "Adelphi," moreover, is a six-light saloon, so that the back-seat passengers enjoy excellent visibility. The quarter-light windows are hinged, and thus provide ventilation without a direct draught.

In spite of these larger dimensions, the performance of the Riley "Six" is at least as good as ever—which is saying quite

(*Concluded on page ii*)

There is plenty of room in the back seat, and good visibility, thanks to the quarter-light windows. When the central arm-rest is raised, three people can sit abreast



DOES BOTH JOBS

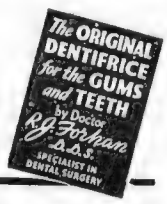
CLEANS TEETH

Spongy, bleeding gums reveal the dangers of half way care of your teeth. Don't wait for this to happen. Begin now to use Forhans, the tooth paste that does both jobs—*whitens teeth* and *safeguards gums* at the same time.

SAVES GUMS

Why take chances with your teeth? Begin to-day to use Forhans for the Gums. Notice how much better it makes your entire mouth feel. Soon you'll SEE the difference, too—whiter teeth, firmer gums. Forhans for the Gums was created by one of the world's leading dental surgeons. There is no substitute. Ask for Forhans to-day.

Forhans *for the Gums*



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Magnificent Revue & Dancing!

EXCELLENT 5 COURSE DINNER OR SUPPER

London Casino

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NEW REVUE

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Telephone: GERRARD 4693. **SATURDAYS 17/6**

INDIA
INDIA
The Tyres that have the Road in their Grip
TYRES
1525

The gears are of the pre-selective type, and the lever is fitted just underneath the steering wheel, where it can be manipulated by a touch of the finger. The clutch operates automatically

Cars With a Personality

(Concluded from page 222)

a lot. The overhead-valve engine is rated at 14.2 h.p., and does its work with admirable smoothness. In particular, it is very good at the higher speeds, when it betrays absolutely no sign of being overworked, but runs very much like the traditional dynamo.

The maximum speed is a good 70 m.p.h., with approximately 55 m.p.h. available in third gear. The top-gear cruising speed is anything up to 60 m.p.h., and throughout this range there is plenty of acceleration.

The transmission is interesting, for there is a pre-selective gearbox and an automatic friction clutch. The latter, except for gear-changing purposes, does not require to be touched. It engages itself as soon as the engine is slightly accelerated, and disengages itself when the car is slowed down to the equivalent of " tick-over " speed. Thus it prevents the driver from ever stalling his engine accidentally, and enables the car to move off, if so desired, either in top-gear or any other ratio.

Road-holding, as with every Riley, is particularly good. The springing may be a trifle hard at low speeds, but this is emphatically a fault on the right side. At anything over 20 m.p.h., the car rides perfectly, and is as steady as a rock. The steering is no less excellent, so that the driver can at all times enjoy a sense of perfect confidence.

THE four-wheel brakes are of the mechanical type, and can be used firmly without becoming disagreeably fierce in their action. There is an automatic system of lubrication, and this is actuated by the engine, so that it functions at all times when the car is in use.

If I may misquote, it may be held that you cannot please all the people all the time. This Riley, however, should go far towards pleasing almost every type of motorist—the expert—the novice—even the shameless utilitarian. The price, with full equipment, is £380, which should be considered very reasonable.

There is a luggage boot at the back, which will hold a useful quantity of baggage. Under this again the battery is housed, where it is quite accessible for periodical attention

"No cold for 4 years"

"I used to suffer dreadfully from colds but have not had one for four years, entirely due to using Vapex. I advise all my patients and friends to use it."

B.S., Burnham-on-Sea.

Follow this good example and keep free from colds summer and winter. Keep Vapex handy—ready for use immediately you feel a cold developing. Breathe the vapour. Vapex destroys the germs in nose and throat, and soon the incipient cold is gone.

VAPEX
INHALANT
Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V.147 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

£30 to £5000 lent
Without any Security to Ladies or Gentlemen.
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Rendells
APPROVED BY DOCTORS
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No better pipe is made . . .
Smoked by Connoisseurs the World over
NEW ERA (De Luxe finish) 12/6
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Write for Booklet of Shapes to Dept. B.
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38, Finsbury Sq., London, E.C.2.

WANTED FOR CASH

Old gold, silver or jewels of any description (no dealers). Kirkby & Bunn, 44, Old Bond Street, W.1.

SPORTING PRINTS

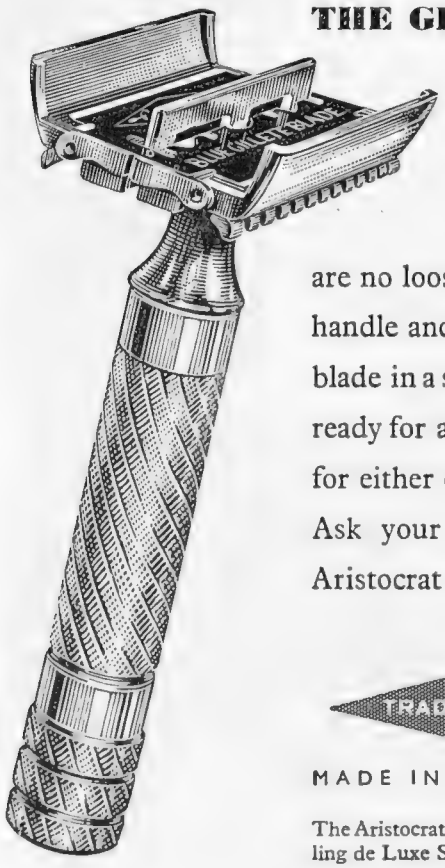
The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1

The latest and greatest in razor design



THE GILLETTE *"one piece"* ARISTOCRAT

Here is Gillette's latest achievement—the Gillette "one piece" Aristocrat. See how simple, how quick, shaving becomes with this marvellous razor. There are no loose parts, no separate parts to assemble. Just twist the handle and the head opens allowing you to remove or replace the blade in a second. Twist again, the razor head shuts and you are ready for another perfect shave. Here is speed and convenience for either change of blade or cleaning after shaving.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate the Gillette "one piece" Aristocrat to-day.

TRADE Gillette MARK

MADE IN ENGLAND

Perfectly balanced, heavily silver plated, equipped with a man-sized handle and packed in a handsome nickel plated case with ten Blue Gillette Blades **15/-**

The Aristocrat "one piece" Razor is also included in the Gillette Travelling de Luxe Sets No. 2 (silver plated) 30/- and No. 3 (gold plated) 35/-

• Prices shown do not apply in I.F.S.

Elegance

ON FLYING STANDARD CHASSIS

12 h.p. **£335**
16 h.p. **£365**
20 h.p. **£370**

by AVON

THE NEW AVON BODY Co LTD WARWICK ENGLAND

COGENT

Standing at Ease

Lenare

Cut-away sandals with square or open toes are worn day and evening. Those pictured above come from Dolcis, and illustrate the trend towards flatter heels. Starting from the lower right is an evening shoe in silver kid, finely stitched with open vamp and centre strap. It is also made in gold, and is very flexible. Next to it is a toeless sandal for 16s. 9d. with narrow cross strapping, squared tip and Cuban heel

In Summer Sandals

ACCESSORIES have always played a leading rôle in a woman's wardrobe, as they provide just those finishing touches which mean so much. Shoes, in particular, are of primary importance and should be chosen with discrimination, as unless they are well cut they will completely destroy a graceful carriage. Quite apart from appearance, however, there is the question of health. A strained arch or unbalanced foot may cause indigestion and fatigue, while it has even been said that pressure on the nerves in the toes is very bad for the sight. It is essential therefore, that a visit be paid to Dolcis, 350, Oxford Street (and branches), where shoes are designed to give perfect balance and arch support. For the summer months, this firm are showing a wide range of sandals, some toeless, others squared at the tip or interlaced in basket formation. They are available in printed linen and lacquered straw, both charming with cotton frocks, or patent leather and pastel suèdes. Low heels are becoming and practical for day wear, though many people prefer the high Spanish variety or Louis style which strikes a happy medium.

For Day and Evening

A SMART promenade court shoe is included in the group on the left. It is carried out in blue and white kid with an openwork vamp which makes it delightfully cool for hot days. The medium Louis heel is flattering, and it only costs 14s. 9d. Next to it is a toeless doeskin sandal in pure white with an open back and wide ankle strap. The Cuban heel is covered, while a perforated design decorates the vamp. It costs 16s. 9d. Silver and gold kid sandals are fashionable for evening, either perfectly plain or studded with coloured stones which glitter as the wearer moves. The majority are very open and cut away round the instep, though a centre T strap affords the necessary support when dancing. Alternative materials include brocade, satin and crêpe, either piped or appliquéd with contrasting kid.

The "Bystander"

GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (18th Year)

HOLDER: MISS PEGGY FALKNER

Scratch Match-Play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges, September 9th, 10th and 11th. No Qualifying Round.

September 7th—International Match, Scotland v. England.
September 8th—Girls' Golfing Society's Meeting (Medal Play).

The *Girls' Open Championship* is open to all girls, of any nationality, who will be under nineteen years of age on September 11th, 1936.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Friday, August 21st, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below.

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch knock-out match-play tournament at Stoke Poges, September 9th, 10th, and 11th. Halved matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, The BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

The proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 10th by players beaten in the first, second, and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court, or who has applied for a room there and been refused, who remains in the Championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Competitors not playing in the match Scotland v. England may practise free of charge on Monday, September 7th, and all mothers or chaperons at a reduced green-fee of 3s. 6d.

SCOTLAND v. ENGLAND

HOLDERS: SCOTLAND

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7TH, AT 2 O'CLOCK.

An eighteen-hole match will be played at Stoke Poges between teams chosen from competitors in the Girls' Championship, 1936, representing Scotland and England. Qualifications: either parent, birth, or last two years' residence.

Challenge Cup, presented by Captain J. R. A. Stroyan, to be held for a year by the captain of the winning team, a silver medal to each member of that team, and bronze medals to the losing team. Competitors to state on their entry forms which country they are qualified to represent, and whether they would like to play if chosen.

WHERE TO STAY

Special Terms are offered to competitors and their friends at the following addresses

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Date and year of birth..... *Club (if any)*. .....

Handicap (if any). .....

I am qualified for {*Scotland, *England,

{*and should like *but should not like} to play if chosen.

* Cross out whichever does not apply.

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

July 29 — August 4

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively entertainment from polished acting of a polished plot (by Rodney Ackland). An impecunious family and its Micawber-like hopes have Mary Clare and Peter Godfrey to interpret: Aldwych, 8.30. Tues., Wed., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle, well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GREEN WATERS.—A dramatic and rugged piece of work about a father-son feud (by Max Catto), with Gillian Lind and Sebastian Shaw in the lead: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE INSECT PLAY.— Carel Capek and his brother wrote this fantasy as a succinct comment through insect-characters on the foibles of the humans; charmingly produced, it makes you think; Edmund Willard is the tramp: Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE LADY OF LA PAZ.—Lilian Braithwaite dominates the stage as her rôle dominates the play—full-blooded acting of a hearty part, with Nova Pilbeam as one of her troublesome offspring: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Imperturbable as its traditional national origin, this Chinese play goes on and on, with Esmé Percy, Marjorie Mars and Clifford Bartlett acting à la chinois: Savoy, 8.15. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Leslie French as Puck, Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Oberon, Margaretta Scott as Hermia, Baliol Holloway as Bottom, and Greta Gynt (Norwegian) leading the ballet: Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, 8.30.

MISS SMITH.—Simple, lively story-telling about a governess-girl who takes a family in charge; Olga Lindo interprets her sympathetically; also Phyllis Konstam and Julien Mitchell: Duke of York's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.40.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Jane Austen and her England successfully transposed to the stage in a charming entertainment with period settings by Whistler. Celia Johnson as Elizabeth Bennett, Dorothy Hyson as Jane, Leueen Macgrath as Lydia: St. James's, 8.30 (not Mons.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PROFESSOR BERNHARDI.—Abraham Sofaer acts magnificently as the Jewish professor in this challenging play: Phœnix, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE SEAGULL.—A feast of dramatic riches which must not be missed; Chekhov is the author, Komisarjevsky the producer, Peggy Ashcroft, Edith Evans, Stephen Haggard, and Ion Swinley the stars: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE VISITOR.—Louis Borell and Greer Garson are the young leads of this play about youthful disillusionment; and do more than justice to its worn plot: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—This fine play by Mazo de la Roche is about a family dominated by its grandmatriarch (Nancy Price); full of humanity: Playhouse, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WINTER SUNSHINE.—Athene Seyler and Nicholas Hannen, on board a boat bound for the Antipodes, unravel a light plot relying solely on characterisation, which is good; easy and pleasant to watch: Royalty, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BLACKBIRDS OF 1936.—Noise, rhythm, colour, speed and more than a pinch of wit combine to make this show, as usual, breath-taking in the extreme; if you like these things, you'll love it: Gaiety, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

No! No! NANETTE.—This favourite has Clifford Mollison, Phyllis Monkman and Barbara Vernon to sweeten it with the old songs, and Shaun Glenville to salt it with humour: Hippodrome, 6.25 and 9.

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REVUDEVILLE No. 79.—Will be filmed for circulation through the country, but we can see it in the flesh; Meggie Eaton, Mollie Hallewell and Ann Matthew entertain; Ken Douglas gives humour; and Old Ladies, a Rainbow ballet and "Joan of Arc" tableau all contribute: Windmill, 1.20 to 11.30 non-stop.

SPREAD IT ABROAD.—Herbert Farjeon's is the wittiest revue in town; do not miss Ivy St. Helier, Nelson Keys, and the ever-youthful Dorothy Dickson in it: Saville, 8.30 only.

Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Straightforward comedy with honest-to-goodness laughs reliant on situation rather than wit; Robertson Hare is a dentist; Alfred Drayton and John Mills back him in fun-making: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

BOY MEETS GIRL.—Hollywood gets it in the neck again in this star-city skit; Bramwell Fletcher is the boy, Helen Chandler the girl; wisecracks by Donald Macdonald and Clinton Sundberg: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play is the longest unbroken runner in town—and deserves it—with clever acting by Owen Nares and Irene Browne in a St. John's Wood family-life comedy: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

DUSTY ERMINE.—Leonora Corbett acts charmingly as the daughter of a family gone to seed, whose other members include David Horne and William Fox; drama and humour: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Robust thrills by Edgar Wallace and Ian Hay, in which Gordon Harker is a detective up against a terror that detonates various scenes; Jack Hawkins and a big cast emphasise the suspenses and reliefs: Prince's, 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FUGITIVES.—A typical Hackett play; rapid, improbable and convincing, it sweeps Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle and Phyllis Dare through personal adventure and national revolution: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HEROES DON'T CARE.—Felix Aylmer is the North Pole hero; and his wife, Carol Goodner, doesn't care for him, nor does Rex Harrison care for heroism; the slight plot of these Arctic interactions is a frame for lively acting and dialogue: St. Martin's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LOVE FROM A STRANGER.—Frank Vosper (who adapted the piece from Agatha Christie's novel) is a professional Bluebeard who gets Marie Ney into his clutches; good acting, plenty of thrills, and laughter by Muriel Aked: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Rapid revival of Emlyn Williams' gruesome thriller, with Esmond Knight in his part; also Vivienne Bennett and Charles Mortimer: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING TIDE.—Overwhelmingly optimistic, this piece showers good fortune round the stage, upon landlady Louise Hampton and her brood of lodgers; go to be cheered up: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Meatiest light comedy in town, by James Bridie and Bruno Franck; Roger Livesey and Sara Allgood are best of an amusing cast: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—A great laugh from the U.S. in the shape of an old plot cleverly re-done; Romney Brent and Bernard Nedell lead the all-American cast: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

CAPTAIN JANUARY (American).—Shirley Temple dominates the story dimplingly, with Guy Kibbee and Slim Summerville as contrasts in the line of sea dogs: Regal.

THE CASE AGAINST MRS. AMES (American).—Madeleine Carroll is Mrs. Ames, fighting a series of peppy court cases, but when a lawyer (George Brent) falls in love with her, all goes well; good suspense: Carlton.

FLORIDA SPECIAL (American).—All happens on the special train, and by the time it arrives Sally Eilers and Kent Taylor are engaged, Jack Oakie is still broadly bland, and some crooks have been rounded up: Plaza.

FOLLOW THE FLEET (American).—The Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers-Irving Berlin musical runs a revival: Curzon (until Sat., 1st).

THE GHOST GOES WEST (British).—Robert Donat is the star and René Clair the director of the revival, and the combination is a great success of satirical humour: Academy (from Mon., 3rd).

LOVE BEFORE BREAKFAST (American).—Carole Lombard and Preston Foster are the stars of this pot-boiling but snappy story—the moon's their home all right: New Gallery.

MODERN TIMES (American).—Charlie Chaplin's antics as he gets caught in the cogs of a machine age, with Paulette Goddard to give the oil of sentiment, continue to draw crowds to the Marble Arch Pavilion.

OURSELVES ALONE (British).—Antoinette Cellier, John Lodge and John Loder figure in this grim and action-full story of the Black and Tans: London Pavilion.

THE PETRIFIED FOREST (American).—Story and acting have something the others haven't got; Leslie Howard and Bette Davis and powerful, exciting tragedy make this a film of the year: Tivoli.

SAN FRANCISCO (American).—Music is incidental in this tough film of the Barbary Coast, with Jeannette Macdonald to sing it, Clark Gable opposite, and Spencer Tracy as the "people's priest"; an earthquake also takes part: Empire.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (American).—Baroness Orczy's romantic revolutionary with Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon makes another visit to town: Academy (till Sat., 1st).

SHOW BOAT (American).—Edna Ferber's glamorous musical makes a big film, with Irene Dunne and Allan Jones as the stars, and Paul Robeson singing his fine old songs: Leicester Square.

WHOM THE GODS LOVE (British).—A lightly turned interpretation of Mozart's life, with Stephen Haggard as the composer, Victoria Hopper as Constanz and the L.P.O. under Beecham to play for her songs: Curzon (from Mon., 3rd).

BALLET

DE BASIL'S BALLETS RUSSES.—Massine is the maître and premier, the L.P.O. (conducted by Kurtz and Dorati) plays, the company includes Danilova, Baronova, Toumanova, Riabouchinska and Lichine: Covent Garden, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Burlington House, 9-7.

NAVY WEEK.—The Senior Service at home at Plymouth, Portsmouth and Chatham: Sat., 1st (till Sat., 8th).

TIDWORTH TATTOO.—Officially the Southern Command Tattoo: Tidworth, near Salisbury, Sat., 1st (till Sat., 8th).

DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.—For those who are lucky and brave enough to cross the Irish Sea: Tues., 4th (till Sat., 8th).

SPORT

In and Out of Town

TO-DAY, 29TH: The Goodwood Stakes; R.A.F. Tennis championships, Chiswick.

THURS., 30TH: The Goodwood Cup.

FRI., 31ST: Goodwood, the Molecomb Stakes.

SAT., 1ST: Alexandra Park race meeting; Cicero polo cup final, Hurlingham; Maidenhead amateur regatta; Henley town and visitors' regatta; Kent v. Hants, cricket, Canterbury.

MON., 3RD: Cowes regatta opens.

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Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Elwin Neame

Jean Campbell

Is the youngest daughter of the late General Sir David Campbell and Lady Campbell, of 17, Manson Place, S.W.7; she is engaged to Capt. Francis Raymond Matthews, only son of the late H. F. Matthews, I.C.S., and the late Mrs. Jones

Fayer of Vienna

Beatrice Baker

Is the eldest daughter of Mrs. Bernard Baker, of 53, Montagu Square, W.1; she is engaged to Derek Adams, elder son of the late Leonard Adams and Mrs. Adams, of 48, Portland Place, W.1

Tunbridge

Mrs. Frederick Parsons

Mrs. Parsons was Dorina Neave before her marriage this month to Captain Frederick Parsons, the late Colonel Parsons' and Mrs. Parsons' only son; she is the elder daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Neave, of Dagnam Park, Romford, Essex

Marjorie Lacey

Nancy Mercer

Announces her engagement to Donald James Wilson, of the Leander Club, Henley-on-Thames, elder son of Mr. John Wilson, of Australia; she is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Mercer, of 203, Knightsbridge, S.W.1

Fayer of Vienna

Susan Hollebone

Is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Hollebone, of Saddleford Cottage, Newbury, Berks.; she is engaged to Alec Pilkington, of 13, Harriet Walk, Lowndes Square, S.W.

Pope — Watson

John Pope, Coldstream Guards, only son of Major and Mrs. Maurice Pope, of Ashwicke Hall, Chippenham, and Elizabeth Burges Watson, eldest daughter of Rear-Admiral and the late Mrs. F. Burges Watson, were married at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks

Prain — Gurney

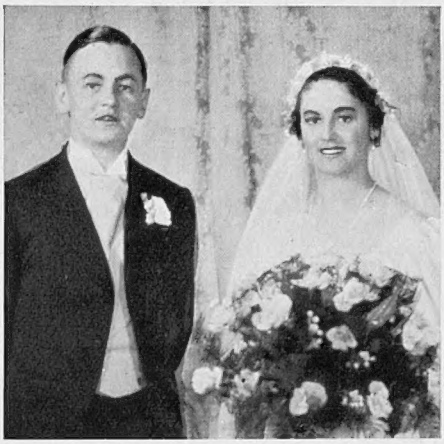
James Easton Prain, second son of Mr. Eustace Prain, of Kincaple, by St. Andrew's, and Rosamund Agatha Gurney, daughter of the late Sir Eustace Gurney and Lady Gurney, of Walsingham Abbey, Norfolk, were married at Walsingham Church

May — Fryer

Guy May, second son of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Reginald and the late Lady Seaburne-May, of Bughtrigg, Coldstream, Berwickshire, married Argenton Fryer, daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Fryer and Mrs. Fryer, of Derwent Hall, Stamford Bridge, Yorks., at St. Saviour's, Walton Street

Hobday — Thorp

Jordain Hobday, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hobday, of Millbank House, Westminster, and Eleanor Linton Thorp, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Linton Thorp, of Wisley, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks., were married at the Chapel of the Savoy



Tunbridge

Daniel — Baynham

William S. S. Daniel, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Daniel, of Addlestone House, Addlestone, Surrey, and Molly Baynham, daughter of the late Sir Walter Baynham and Lady Baynham, of Coronel, Sidcup, Kent, were married at St. John's, Sidcup

Flower — Comerford

Ronald Philip Flower, only son of the late P. A. Flower and Mrs. William Sturges, of Rainham Hall, Essex, and Jean Comerford, youngest daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. E. J. Comerford, of Moree, N.S.W., Australia, were married at the Caxton Hall Registry Office

Tunbridge

Lumley — Henn Collins

At Chelsea Old Church Thomas Henry Lumley, son of Mr. E. A. Lumley, of 77, Fountainhill Rd., Aberdeen, and of Mrs. Burrowes, of Roseholme Hall, Sleaford, Lincs., married Patience Henn Collins, second daughter of the Hon. S. O. and Mrs. Henn Collins, of 28, Beaufort Gardens, S.W.

Haworth-Booth — Hamilton

Nicholas Haworth-Booth, son of Mr. and Mrs. Digby Haworth-Booth, of The Mill House, Balcombe, Sussex, and Margaret Honor Hamilton, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Anthony Hamilton, of Merle, Slinfold, Sussex, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Ormerod — Hughes

Charles Maurice Ormerod, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ormerod, of Garbridge, Appleby, and Dorothy Hughes, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hughes, of 46, Berkeley Court, N.W.1, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Comyns Carr — Scott

John Comyns Carr, son of Mr. Arthur Comyns Carr, K.C., and Mrs. Comyns Carr, of 53, Frognal, N.W.3, and Margaret Scott, daughter of the late E. T. Scott, sometime editor of the "Manchester Guardian," were married at the Presbyterian Church, Regent's Square

Gallegos — Burn

At St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, Paul Gallegos, youngest son of the late Don José Gallegos and Mme. Gallegos, of 21, Glebe Place, Chelsea, married Penelope Burn, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burn, of 46, Lowndes Square, S.W.1

Graham — Scratchley

Richard Graham, son of the late Reginald Graham and Mrs. Graham, of Carlyle House, Church Street, Chelsea, and Anne Scratchley, daughter of the late Col. V. H. Scratchley and Mrs. Scratchley, of West Newton, King's Lynn, Norfolk, were married at Chelsea Old Church

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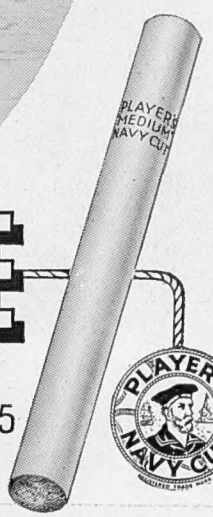

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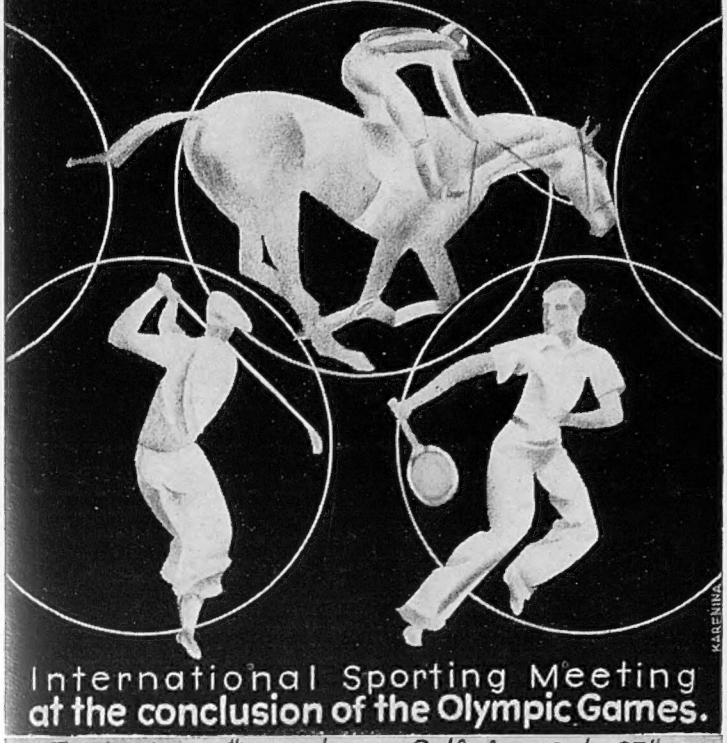

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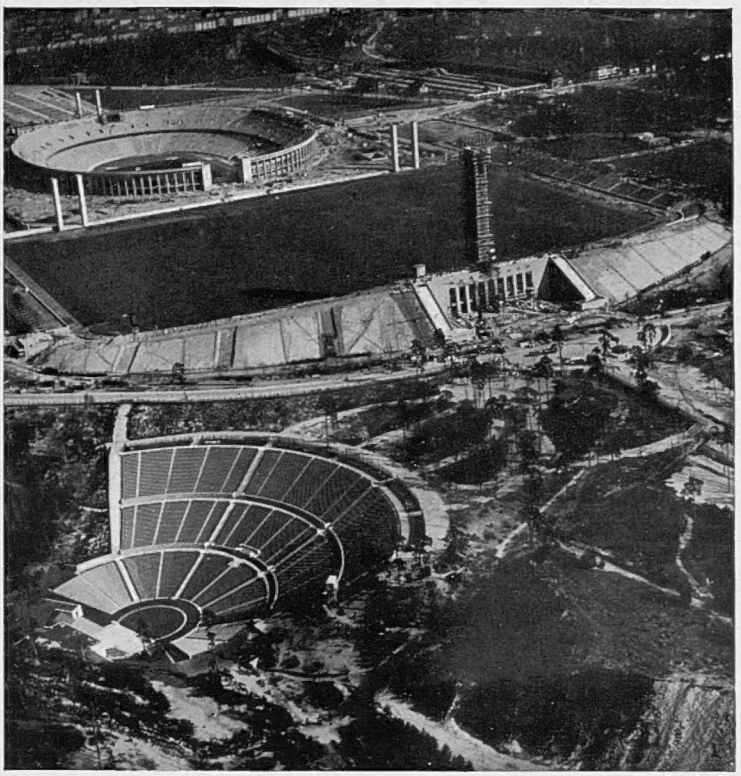

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